

SAVAGE LIFE in NEW GUINEA

By
Charles W. Abel.
With
64 Illustrations
London
Missionary
Society.





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JOHN WILLIAMS (steamship)	} IN THE SOUTH SEAS AND NEW GUINEA.
NIVE (lugger)	
OLIVE BRANCH (schooner)	
HANAMOA (cutter)	
And many Whale Boats used by Missionaries and Native Teachers.				
MORNING STAR (steel lifeboat)	} ON LAKE TANGANYIKA. IN INDIA. IN CHINA.
MARDIE (Berhampur) and TARA (Calcutta)	
GOSPEL BOAT (Amoy)	

SAVAGE LIFE IN NEW GUINEA



A GROUP OF LOGEA MEN.

SAVAGE LIFE IN NEW GUINEA

THE PAPUAN IN MANY MOODS

BY

CHARLES W. ABEL

(OF KWATO, NEW GUINEA)

WITH SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

London

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PREFACE

IT is a very great pleasure to me to have the opportunity of writing this book for you boys and girls of Great and Greater Britain.

During my recent visit to England, I enjoyed no part of my deputation work more than those occasions which brought me face to face with crowded gatherings of young people. It is a pleasure to feel in touch again, through this book, with many whom I met in this way, and with very many more whom I could not meet, partly because it was necessary for me to shorten my furlough and return to my work in New Guinea.

♥ In serving Christ in a country like this, we meet constantly with novelty and adventure; we are brought in contact with strange wild people, rude in their habits and crude in their thoughts. It is to such people, in their almost unknown country, that we teach the Christ whom you are taught to love.

How we teach lawless men to become obedient, inhuman men to love, and savage men so to change their thoughts and lives that they become our fellow-labourers in the extension of Christ's Kingdom, is the story which I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to tell.

You will see that I deal very largely with the Papuan as we find him in his natural state. Guided in his conduct by nothing but his instincts and propensities, and governed by his unchecked passions, there are many things in his benighted life about which it is impossible for me to tell you. But I go on to show you that however bad he is at his worst, the power of

Jesus Christ can transform him into a new creature, and make him a pure-minded, straightforward, and useful Christian man.

New Guinea is such a large country, and the tribes being reached by our Society are so isolated, and differ so widely in language and custom, that it is necessary that you should understand very clearly that what I have to say to you applies only,



A PAPUAN GREETING.

so far as I know, to the people amongst whom I have lived and worked for eleven years. When I speak of the Papuan, I use a broad term in this restricted sense. I can only speak with authority of the people I know intimately. The Papuan, as I know him, and generally write of him in your Gift Book, inhabits the eastern extremity of the mainland of New Guinea.

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SAVAGE LIFE IN NEW GUINEA

THE PAPUAN IN MANY MOODS



CHAPTER I

THE PAPUAN: AN INTERVIEW

B RITISH boys and girls! I want to introduce you to my friend, the strange wild inhabitant of New Guinea.

You will be more interested in the customs of the Papuan, and will follow with more advantage the result of his recent contact with civilization and Christianity, if—to begin with—I lead him up to you in person, and let you look him in the face.

Individually he is a bashful little man. Except through the medium of a book, he would shrink from the ordeal of this introduction to you. If he had to meet you in the flesh, he would suggest that I should reverse the order, and bring you to him. He would like to see you one at a time, on his own ground; and feeling in a majority, he would face you boldly. But perhaps this would be a trying ordeal to you. You would not like to see yourselves as others see you who are not familiar with your peculiarities. It would annoy you to have a crowd of men and women summing you up, feature by feature, and seeing something very strange in your appearance, wherever you differed from them. For instance, they would have something

to say about your very long noses. You would probably resent this. But the Papuan nose is flat, at least that is how we should describe it; they would say *our* noses are prominent. Then they would have some remarks to make about the colour of your skin. Copper is the proper colour, of course, because the Papuan has been accustomed to see no other. Your blue eyes would look very strange—*gaugau*, they call mine, which means 'foggy,' 'indistinct'—because all Papuan eyes are black. And so you would find yourself humbled, as your beauty was analysed, and your complexion regarded as bleached, and your features extravagant. This is exactly the process the Papuan would object to were I to bring him to you, and your unaccustomed eyes were to view him from your standpoint. We shall offend no one in pursuing the course I am about to adopt. I can show you portraits, and describe his personal appearance; and in strict confidence I can speak to you about his flat nose, and his frizzy hair, and his dark skin, feeling perfectly at one with you, that *our* noses, and the colour of *our* skins, and the texture of *our* hair, is much more becoming.

Although the Papuan might criticize you, he is not offensive in his curiosity. He seldom goes to extremes in anything. He is neither gushing in his friendliness, nor surly in his shyness. I am sorry to have to confess that if he were offensive it would be when you were quite alone and defenceless, and when, by publicly attacking you, he could count for certain on the sympathy of the crowd which surrounded him. But as a general rule he is too reserved to be openly nasty. He detests publicity. This is cowardice on his part, rather than modesty. He is very self-conscious; and shrinks from any position which draws special attention to himself. This timidity leads him

into strange difficulties. You could never, by any amount of coaxing, induce him to tell you his name. If you insisted on pressing him for this, he would get out of the difficulty by fetching a friend, who would give you the information you required. He is never dangerous when he acts solely on his own initiative. It is only when he feels himself supported by public sentiment, and when his action voices popular opinion,



"HE IS NOT REPULSIVE IN APPEARANCE."

that he is likely to break through his reserve, and allow himself to become conspicuous. So you will understand me when I tell you how extremely distasteful it would be to him to stand before you to be gazed at and criticized. He is only aggressive when there is a wild halloo, and a whoop, to cover his temerity. Otherwise he shrinks into the smallest possible space, and seeks the darkest corner, and tries to view you without giving you more than a glimpse of himself in return.

He is a little man, seldom exceeding five feet four inches in height. His body is lithe and symmetrical; and since he is usually thin, his stature is deceptive. He looks quite a fine man, as nature made him; but as soon as you cover him with clothes,



“HE HAS HIS OWN IDEAS OF BEAUTY.”

he is transformed into a pigmy. He is not repulsive in appearance, and often bears a calm, dignified, though perhaps inert expression. I have many intelligent-looking men in my tribe, but not one who could be called handsome. I have many who are positively

ugly. The women are of more pleasing countenance than their lords; but here again there is little or no beauty. You must understand I am speaking all the time from our standpoint. The Papuan would not regard my remarks as worth the paper they were written upon. He has his own ideas of beauty. He can compare one thing with another; and doubtless he has his standards of perfection; but they would differ very widely from ours. I have never studied art from the Papuan position, so that I am unable to tell you which of the portraits I give in this chapter would be regarded by him as the most ravishing type of beauty.



"HOW UNCONVENTIONAL THEIR TASTE IS."

Their faces are often so grotesquely bedaubed with ochres, and their heads so extravagantly decorated with shells and feathers, that their features are entirely obscured. The colours most in favour for the purpose of personal adornment are red, white and black. The red is an ochre found in patches in the soil, and called *sabisabi*. The white, *poahu*, is lime, which they make by burning the white coral which lines their shores. The black, *dūm*, is made by mixing with cocoanut oil the accretions of soot which they collect from their earthen cooking pots. With these pigments at their disposal there is no limit to the variety of their designs. The red and black are colours very

difficult to reproduce in photography. However, the white will suffice to show you how unconventional their taste is, and I will leave it to you to decide whether the idea of the Papuan in painting himself is to make himself lovely, or hideous. Personally I think his chief idea is neither to beautify nor to disfigure himself, but to conceal his identity. Just as a bashful boy feels bold from behind a Guy Fawkes' mask, so the Papuan can be conspicuous for a season, when he is freely bedaubed, without feeling self-conscious.

The Papuan derives his name from the character of his hair. I believe the word "Papuan" is of Malay origin, and could be translated "frizzy - wig." Whoever first gave him that name must have considered his hair his most conspicuous feature. I cannot conceive that a man who has entirely painted his face in black and white, by drawing a dividing line between the two colours diagonally from his right temple, cutting through his nose, and terminating under his left jaw, with one of his eyes looking very small, and peering out of the shiny jet black, and the other looking very large, gazing blankly out of the dazzling white—I say I cannot conceive that that man's hair, or his ears, or his nose could be the most conspicuous thing about him. But it must be borne in mind that it is only in his giddy moods that the Papuan decorates himself to this extent. He has his serious seasons, when he has to turn his thoughts to something more important than his personal appearance. His huge frizzy-wig, on the other hand, is permanent. He sleeps with it under his head as a pillow by night; he carries it over him to his garden, as a protection from the scorching sun, by day. So perhaps, after all, his great shock of frizzy hair is his most prominent feature. Moustaches and

beards he never wears until after middle life; and then they are very short and thin. The reason for this is that in youth he pulls the hairs out by the roots, by clipping them, one by one, between small shells. This is a painful and tedious operation, and seldom results in the destruction of all the hairs; but he shaves himself quite perfectly with *nabua*, a black flint which he finds in



"HE SLEEPS WITH IT UNDER HIS HEAD."

the bush, and which he splits into a convenient razor when he finds he requires one.

The Papuan permanently disfigures himself, through an attempt to add touches and charms to his natural appearance. He bores a hole through the septum of his nose, in which he carries his long shell nose-stick. His ears are usually so cut and torn that the lobe hangs in a festoon several inches long, and almost touches his shoulders. You British boys, at least, will judge him lightly with regard to this mutilation of his

ears, if you will try to imagine the position you yourselves would be in without your pockets. The Papuan wears nothing but a broad leaf round his loins; and he often carries in the lobes of his ears, what would go into his pockets if he wore clothes. He does not cut his ears, to begin with, with a view to extra carrying accommodation of this kind; but the habit soon grows upon him to put these elastic bands to some practical use, and it is astonishing how much strain they will bear.

One of my best young men, who came to me when he was a little boy, has, I regret to say, spoilt his ears in this way. Many years ago, soon after we came to Kwato, Muroro one day said to me—

“Master, may I go to my village? The news has come that my father is dying.” I gave him permission. After a week’s absence Muroro returned. To my disgust the lobes of his ears had been cut, and were kept open by a piece of cocoanut leaf, which had been rolled up tightly and inserted.

I ordered that out, and brought Muroro to task. He was silent for a long time, and would give no explanation of his conduct. At length, when my patience was almost exhausted, and it seemed as if nothing would induce him to confide in me, he looked up from the floor where he was sitting, and said :

“Truly, my master, I deceived you. I did not go to my village because my father was ill. I went to have my ears cut.”

You can imagine my disappointment. One of my most hopeful boys had first of all deceived me; then he had gone away from my station to participate in a heathen practice; and again he had disfigured himself for life.

Once Muroro had opened his lips he became more communicative.

I asked him, "What was in your mind, when you left me to do what you knew would displease me?"

"Master," he replied, "I could put up with taunts and sneers no longer. Ever since I came to you I have endured reproach, until it became unbearable."

"What reproach became unbearable?" I asked.

Then Muroro told me how in New Guinea there were two kinds of pigs: the tame pig and the wild pig. The tame pig was called "*sarai*," and was much more than a domestic pet. Indeed until the *sarai* was grown up, and suggested pork, it was an honoured member of the family circle. As a little sucking pig, it was brought up side by side with the baby, being treated with exactly the same maternal care and attention. When it grew up, its ears were split, to denote that it was not an outcast, but some man's valuable property. The wild pig, which was called "*suana*," knew no such distinction. It, poor thing, rooted about in the bush for its food, with its ears intact. If any man caught it, there was no mark to protect it: it was common property, and was killed and eaten by its captor. To be called "*sarai*," a tame pig, was a delicate compliment; to be called "*suana*," a wild pig, was a most offensive insult.

I talked very seriously to Muroro. He saw how disappointed I was in him; and I think, after I had done with the little fellow, he wished with all his heart that his ears were sound



AN EAR-POCKET.

again, and that half the stupid tribe would come and call him "suana," as loudly as they could shout. I told him I wanted my boys to break from all these heathen practices, and not to be ashamed to be taunted, because they took a higher stand for Christ's sake.

I need not tell you all I said to Muroro. You see for yourselves the opportunity this gave me, in a heathen country, and to a child of savage parents, to say that what I had come to teach him would often put him in this position, and that he would grow up a strong boy, and develop into a strong man, if he would ask Christ to help him to live a new life, and not to fear the sneers of those who desired to remain in darkness. I told my little boy that the time would come, I hoped, when to be called "a pig" of any kind would be no compliment, and when he would be heartily ashamed of this disfigurement.

Some years later I took Muroro in your steamer, the *John Williams*, to Sydney. He was no longer a little boy. He had grown up to be a strong, Christian youth. We went together to see a great cricket match. The Englishmen were playing the Australians; and over 30,000 people were assembled to watch the game. In that vast crowd of white people, there were a few others, besides Muroro, who had dark skins. He had no cause to feel conspicuous, or ashamed, on that account. There was one player there, like him in that respect, whom you all know—a prince, and the greatest cricketer amongst all those notable players from both sides of the world. But there was only one man in that multitude, with the lobes of his ears torn. Muroro knew that. He came to me one day in Sydney, and referring to his ears, he said—

"Father, you told me I should one day be ashamed of this:

cannot you take me to some wise man who could sew them up for me?"

From any other standpoint than his own, the Papuan adds nothing to his beauty by regarding jet black as the proper colour for the teeth. He dyes them permanently by means of *tadi*, a rotten timber, which he finds in the swamps. He grinds the *tadi* to powder, and lays it on his closed teeth when he goes to sleep at night. A few applications, and he never has any necessity to clean his teeth again!

It is impossible to speak about the appearance and characteristics of these people, without referring to their personal uncleanliness. It is a disgusting theme to dwell upon, but we have to suffer the continual in-



A WOMAN SHAVING A MAN'S HEAD.

convenience of it, often at very close quarters, and you have no true portrait of the men and women I am describing if so prominent a feature is omitted. I will gladly make it as light as I can for you.

During the past few weeks, while I have been writing your book, I have been visiting my out-stations. Fifteen years of personal contact with very dirty people have done nothing to lessen the nausea I feel in their presence. With the clear blue sea washing their coral-bound shores within a few feet of their houses, with cool pure mountain streams running out into bays in or near every village, there is no excuse for the unspeakable filth in which these people live. There is only one explanation to give: they like dirt. I have to fight sometimes, with all the determination I can command, not to let my work suffer because of the annoyance this causes me. I have landed at a village sometimes, and have been welcomed by the people; and have sat amongst them, and have spoken of the love of God to them; and as I have done my work, face to face with my begrimed, sore-stricken, skin-diseased, reeking congregation, my heart has sickened, and the temptation has come to me to cut my words and my visit short, and to get into my boat and go on to the next village. This is an experience common to all missionaries in this country, and in some other countries also. A friend of mine, who is a missionary in India, once told me much the same story of his people as I am telling you of mine. My sensitive friend's natural aversion to personal contact with such people as I have described, was one day reprov'd by the thought that Christ must often have worked amongst very dirty people, in the slums of Jerusalem. He told me the idea had come to his mind, that probably some of the children Christ blessed, and upon whose heads He placed His kind hands, were unwashed and

unattractive, like these, and not the bright clean spotlessly-dressed curly-headed boys and girls who figure in the fancy pictures you see, depicting the scene where Christ, rebuking the disciples, said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

I am sorry to say the Papuan is no cleaner in his mind than he is in his body. We are here to cleanse him, and we shall never succeed if we permit ourselves to be overcome and nauseated by his present filthy condition. It is one of our first duties to instil into the minds of savages the necessity for personal cleanliness. It is a hard lesson to teach. I often wish their noses were as prominent a feature as they think ours are. Then perhaps they could not endure themselves so complacently.

The Papuan's sense of taste and his sense of smell are anything but what we should call delicate. His taste in food is not a subject I can deal with fully, to any advantage, in a book like this. The people near where I live have only just renounced cannibalism, and I wish they had put aside with it other customs which are almost as repulsive.

The Papuan is practically a vegetarian; fish and pork being his very occasional luxuries. His daily bread is taro and yam; and these almost tasteless vegetables he eats with no other relish than a good appetite.

Within quite recent years his dietary has been very largely augmented by the introduction of new fruits and vegetables, such as pineapples, new species of bananas, water melons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and Indian corn; so that he is much better off in this respect than he was ten years ago. He has many varieties of sugar cane, and finds as much delight in chewing this juicy fibrous stick as you English boys find in struggling,

till your jaws are stiff, with a piece of liquorice root. Strange to say, however, he has to acquire a taste for sugar in the manufactured form.

On one occasion when I took one of my boys to the Colonies, the people with whom I stayed for a few days told me that they feared Sedu was light-fingered. They had noticed some sweetmeats which they kept in a box in the dining room, growing fewer in number as the days passed by. I told my friends if they wanted to punish my little boy, they had only to insist on his eating the sweets. I was sure he would never pilfer in that direction. Now if they had found the mustard-pot empty, and the pickled onions disappearing mysteriously, I should have been a little concerned myself as to Sedu's powers to resist the temptation to take what did not belong to him.

In this particular Papuans are much like other dark races of the South Pacific, in whose countries civilization has been too rapidly introduced. I once had dinner with a Rotama man, on board his pearling lugger. So far as I could see, he dined off pickles, and sauces, and chutneys, of various kinds. I was relieved to find a small tin of meat, and a few biscuits, casually thrown in, from which I made my meal.

Again, the Papuan's sense of smell is immature. He is, however, fond of perfumes! Not being skilled in extracting essences, he wears in his armlets scented leaves, the odour of which is positively repulsive. I have had to request my congregation to oblige me by leaving their savours outside the church on Sundays, because I could not preach in the heavy sickening atmosphere they created.

When first we came to Kwato, we were one day rummaging through some boxes of lumber, and came across a small bottle

of scent. Some natives were assisting us, and we handed the delicate perfume to them to smell. One man regarded it cautiously, and after sniffing it, passed it on to the next, with a grimace which clearly showed he wanted no more. Our own boys had witnessed this, and had heard us express our astonishment that they should not find this new smell agreeable. Some weeks later, we were sitting after our evening meal on our verandah, and one of the boys came to us with something in his hand. He was followed by a retinue of house-boys, who were there to support him. "Master," said the spokesman, apologizing for the intrusion, "you remember the *paneplane* that the Sariba men did not like? We have found a *paneplane* in the kitchen, which we all consider fragrant." He handed to us a tin of emery powder! The dull dead earthy smell was a delicate perfume, which, he said, they could appreciate.



It would be possible to extend this chapter indefinitely, if I were to point out to you the many directions in which the Papuan differs in his ideas and tastes from civilized people. Centuries of gradual development have given to us our present sentiments, and have resulted in the taste and delicacy of our ideas to-day. We can only expect from savages crude habits and immature tastes, and it is not to be surprised at that when we judge him from our own standards, he cuts a very grotesque figure, and is often altogether wanting in delicacy and refinement.

CHAPTER II

THE PAPUAN AT HOME

THE dwelling house of a Papuan consists of an inside and an outside. To some extent this might be said of all houses ; but the Papuan, when he is at home, lives outside as well as inside. While a part of his house is under a thick thatch, a considerable part of it is constructed in the form of a low platform, which is often entirely without cover. It is here he sits and whiles away many an hour, while his wife busies herself in the garden, or having returned from the mountains with the daily supply of food and firewood, prepares the evening meal. He meets his friends here ; and hears or relates the current gossip of the country side. Here he sits and lazily chips his long shell nose-stick into shape, or silently and seriously manipulates his lime and pepper-pod and betel-nut ; he chews the nasty blood-red mess, and under its stimulating influence, feels generous, or surly, as the mood takes him ; or he purposes a night's fishing off the coral reefs, and brings his long net out, and skilfully runs over it and mends any rents he may find.

This platform, which seems to correspond to our sitting-room, is usually four or five feet off the ground, and is approached by means of a rude ladder.

The house proper, or that part of it under the roof, is merely a weather-proof apartment, used chiefly for two purposes—first,



A LOGEA HOUSE.

as a shelter from the heavy rains and strong winds which so often prevail in this part of New Guinea; and second, for the safe storage of the owner's property. His open air sitting-room, or platform, has no furniture. He sits on the floor. Crossing his nimble legs under him, he descends quietly and firmly upon his extremities, and folded up in this way looks both compact and comfortable without a chair. His one indispensable necessity is his *tobo*, or basket. This is a commodious and ingenious arrangement in three tiers, one fitting into the other, which contains, besides his betel-nut and lime gourd, a shell knife, a few pieces of aromatic bark, such as cinnamon, and latterly, since white men have visited his country, his own bric-a-brac is perhaps augmented by a rusty tin matchbox, a few nails which he has picked up, a small glass bottle, a piece of black twist tobacco, and other valuables of the same kind.

There is only a low aperture by which he enters his house from the platform. There are no windows, so that on the brightest day the house is dark. Nearly every night a fire burns inside this almost air-tight apartment, and the smoke has to find its way out through chinks in the walls, and to filter slowly through the thick sago-leaf thatch. Everything inside the house is stained a dark umber with the smoke of years. A partition about three feet high divides the house in two; the front portion being reserved for the male members of the family, and the back—which is smaller—being at the disposal of the women. A house is never occupied only by a man and his wife and family. Aunts, uncles, and cousins of many removes are included in the family circle. Relationships are not so simple as they are with us. On the wife's side especially, the ties are very close. For instance, if you were a New Guinea boy, or girl, your mother's brother would rank as your father, and her

sister as your mother; your first cousins on your mother's side would actually be your brothers and sisters; and so on. So that if you enquire of a New Guinea householder how his family is made up, you find it includes relations having strong claims upon



THE TOBO.

him, though they are only distantly connected from our benighted way of thinking.

The Papuan's house is very small considering the number of people it has to accommodate.

I was once returning to Kwato, from my out-stations, in a native canoe, and was trying my hardest, or to be more correct, I was urging my fourteen paddlers to try their hardest to get me

home before Sunday. To do this it was necessary to travel by night. Everything went well until about midnight, when the sky became overcast and the rain descended in torrents. Never mind the rain; we had to get home. We had thirty miles to go, and refreshed by the cool downpour, my paddlers bent their shiny backs to their work. They dug their paddles deep, and with every stroke they yelled in unison. The canoe almost jumped out of the water. My old friend, Josia Lebasi, was in charge of the expedition; the boy I had picked up at Suau ten years ago, when I first came to New Guinea; the boy who accompanied Savage and myself, when we went west to buy the land at Orokolo, nine years ago, and who has never left me all these years, except for six months, when he went to help Tamate on the Fly River. Lebasi saw the rain was not likely to stop, and between ourselves I think he had secret orders from my wife not to let me do anything foolish, so he crawled forward and said to me respectfully,

“We’d better camp, Master.”

We were running down the coast on a perfectly calm sea, and the long sixty-five foot canoe was within a few yards of the beach.

“I’m afraid we must, Jo,” said I.

He called out to the paddlers to keep them in good humour, and they responded with still more vigorous strokes, and louder yells, which drowned the swish of the rain on the water. A quarter of a mile further on we turned into the Dewadewa river, a narrow stream running out into the sea between two high mountains, and a few hundred yards up the river we grounded the canoe on a sandy beach in front of a village. Lebasi jumped out, and having told the men to haul the canoe well out of the

tide-way, he disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the houses. What etiquette he observed in introducing himself to the slumbering inmates I do not know, but in an incredibly short space of time he was back at the canoe, and all arrangements had been made for my accommodation under shelter. I was not long in getting under cover. I entered the house by the narrow overlapping aperture in front, and found my host, a man of middle age, mending the fire, and trying to coax the smouldering sticks into a blaze. There were two other men and two boys in the apartment, and beyond the low partition there were five women and girls. The male compartment had been disturbed by my arrival. The apparition of a white guest after midnight in this outlandish spot, effectually woke the people up, and they sat together crowding on one side of the house, and gazed at me with eyes and mouths wide open. There was hardly room, so far as I could see, for us all to spread ourselves out on the floor, but Lebasi tried to put my mind at ease as to my own personal accommodation by calmly laying my blanket down across the middle of the floor. I told him, in a dialect these people could not understand, that I did not want to turn them out of their home, and he was so tickled with my concern for my hosts, that he immediately translated my remark to them. They seemed to enjoy the position, too, so I lay down and was soon taking stock of my strange quarters by the light of the fitful fire.

A thick corded pig-net, or *bebedura*, hung in festoons along the ridge-pole; and smaller nets for fishing hung from the sloping rafters of the roof. Along the top of the low wall-plate bundles of spears were neatly suspended; in the corner, near to where I slept, four or five canoe paddles were stowed away, and on the floor close to the wall a roll of small plaited mats, and a

taino, or native umbrella, were deposited with a collection of cocoanut water bottles, drinking vessels, and earthen cooking-pots. Every nook and cranny in the roof appeared to hold some treasure, which, however valueless it might appear in my eyes, went to make up the wealth of my host. There was his stone axe; his partly-finished plaited armlets; his shell knives; and his carved lime spoons. High up in the apex of the eaves were suspended a collection of smoke-dried and smoke-stained bones, the relics of a gruesome feast; and attached to the stout upright post which carried the ridge-pole, two human skulls glared down upon us from their dark abode every time the fire was stirred into a blaze. I had hardly time to notice these things before I fell fast asleep, and when I woke, very early in the morning, I was the sole occupant of the house. I felt smoke-dried myself, and not altogether refreshed by my heavy sleep in that thick atmosphere. I called through the aperture to my host to come inside. He entered respectfully and squatted against the wall. I thanked him for his hospitality, and made him a present of a zinc mirror, some fish hooks, and a Jew's harp.

It was Sunday morning, so I was compelled to break my journey here for a few hours. This gave me an opportunity of seeing a little into the social life of the people. As soon as the day broke I gladly left the dark unwholesome house in which I had slept, and crawled out to the platform in front. The rain had ceased, though the sky was low and threatening. There was no breeze, and the sodden dripping trees and shrubs were motionless. There were quite unusual signs of life about the small village, as natives from further up the river, hearing of the arrival of my expedition, had paddled down the stream, or had come through the thick bush on foot to be in the excitement.

Quite a crowd of natives, men, women and children, were bustling about in the vicinity of the house. I could not tell those who



A NEW GUINEA INTERIOR : THE FIREPLACE.

belonged to the place from those who were merely visitors from up the river, but they all seemed to be more or less busy, and

the clatter they made was deafening. Even those who were not busy with anything else were busy talking; some giving orders about firewood and food, water and cooking pots, and over the heads of these, in higher keys, men shouting to their companions now in the canoes on the beach, advice, suggestions, warnings and instructions, and receiving counterblasts in reply. Mingled with this babel, was the chopping of firewood, the cracking of cocoanuts, the hauling of canoes up the beach, the squealing of pigs, the barking of dogs, the crying of babies, and the general hubbub of early morning activity. My cook, Alaedi, was making as much noise as any of them, but that was excusable, for two reasons; first, he was very busy cooking my breakfast and had to balance a "billy" and a frying-pan on some uneven stones in preparing my coffee and sausages, and had moreover to keep the pigs and dingoes from rooting and snarling him out of his position in their attempts to steal the bread and tinned meat which he was protecting from their onslaughts. Then again, Alaedi was only a boy of twelve years of age, and his manipulation of the frying-pan and "billy" created quite a sensation amongst the youngsters who sat by and watched him. He must have been conscious that every time he lifted the "billy" lid, and let the steam out, and every time he turned a sausage, and it crackled and hissed at him, little boys and girls who had never seen a frying-pan before poked each other in the ribs with their elbows, and their large black eyes exchanged hasty glances of astonishment. I excuse Alaedi making a noise, on the grounds that he was very busy cooking under difficulties, in public, and that clever as his audience no doubt thought he was, he was only human, and modesty was hardly to be looked for under the circumstances. I do not make a practice of watching my young cook's

operations, when he has to improvise a kitchen in the middle of a native village. My appetite is never good enough to stand a shock of this kind.

Not far from where I sat, a group of three or four women were busy tattooing the body of a young girl. The artists had their ink, made from a mixture of soot and nut oil, in a small shell cup, and the instrument they used was a cruel-looking thorn, nearly two inches long, tied to a stick. With remarkable dexterity they punctured the skin of the girl before them with a succession of sharp quick taps, drawing fine lace-like patterns, which in the course of time would cover her body from head to foot. The painful nature of this operation was clearly shown in the girl's unwillingness to submit to it; but she was overpowered by her mother and aunts, and was doubtless told in effect, that being ignorant, and not knowing what was for her own good, she must endure the pain which was being inflicted solely in her interest. What that interest was I cannot tell you. She was being directed in the first steps of a vicious life, and this was publicly advertised in the gradual progress of her tattoo.

The general noise continued, until groups of men had been despatched in different directions, on various errands, and the contributing voices were considerably diminished. Some went into the adjacent bush to cut cane, upon which to hang our blankets and clothes to dry. Some went back in their canoes to their villages up the river, to summon the people to come and meet me in the afternoon, and to get green cocoanuts for my paddlers to drink, on resuming their journey. Parties of women and girls noisily left the village for the mountains to fill their baskets with the day's supply of food. There was no mission station near Dewadewa in those days, and Sunday was

not observed as a day of rest. I told the people to hurry back from their gardens as quickly as possible. Their first observance



A GIRL WITH TATTOOED FACE.

of Sunday was this disorganization of their usual routine; this haste to go to their gardens, and return with food; this commotion

on the beach, in the early morning, in order to be able to assemble and hear me speak to them later in the day.

All the noise to be observed at Touboeawi that morning points to one of the weaknesses in the social system of the Papuan. The tribes have no one chief who speaks with authority and whose orders have to be obeyed. The tribe is split up into small villages and the village into families, and the head of each family is more or less on an equality. Orders are generally given in an apologetic tone of voice. A man finds it safer to throw out a suggestion to his boy that he should run and fetch him something that he wants. The boy may object, and the man's dignity suffers if the order has been imperative. I used to adopt the plan of making a lazy boy overseer of a dozen workmen. Rather than issue orders which no one was likely to obey, the overseer would do most of the work himself!

I spent a quiet morning in the village. The early energy displayed appeared to exhaust the men much more than it did the women. Long before their wives and daughters came back from the gardens, with great burdens of food and firewood slung upon their backs, the men sought some quiet shelter, and fell into peaceful sleep. They knew nothing about Sunday, but I saw that the idea of a day of rest would be nothing new to them. Tardily the day wore on, until late in the afternoon, the people having returned, I gave notice that I wanted them to assemble. Lebasi quickly busied himself in seating the congregation as near as they would come to the platform of the house which was to serve as my rostrum. There was, however, the same peculiarity here that may be seen in your own country: an objection to get near the man who is going to speak; and it was some time before my strange audience could

be induced to come within ear-shot of me. However, in a land where pulpits are not, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet can go to the mountain; and so our initial difficulty was overcome, by my taking up a more central position under the shade of a large badila tree; and some of my congregation had front seats despite their efforts to avoid such prominence. I asked Lebasi to offer prayer to God in their language, as it was a dialect I only partly understood. He commenced with a few words of explanation, in which he told the people he was about to address the True God, whom they must approach with reverence. I removed my hat, and before Lebasi commenced his simple invocation, one of my canoe paddlers, who lived at a village where we had a mission station, called out rather abruptly,—

“Have you no respect? Take out your ornaments.”

Immediately my congregation plucked the feathers, and combs, and flowers from their hair, and sat silently, with their heads bowed, and their eyes closed, while Lebasi, in his simple petition, prayed that the Light of Heaven might come into their hearts, and that they might learn to know the only true God, who loved them, and who had sent His messengers to teach them.

The service was a very short one. What we said, simple as it was, was probably very little understood by any of the people; but we had laid a foundation upon which to build in future days. We had left upon their minds some idea that we knew of a God whom it was necessary to acknowledge and worship. We had formed a simple friendship with the people of Dewadewa, through being overtaken by the storm the previous night, and this friendship would ripen; and as they

came, in course of time, to trust us and to understand us, they would begin to understand the Master whom we served; and gradually the light would dawn in their hearts; and out of Dewadewa would come those who would love and serve the living Christ.

The object of my informal talk with my newly acquired friends, was not to instruct them in religious knowledge: that was obviously impossible. The first thing to do was to try and find their hearts, and to make our visit something they would remember with pleasure. There was a sick child there, whose indisposition was a mystery to them, but whose case could be easily diagnosed by the amateur doctor, and the medicine chest was brought into requisition. Lebasi and Alaedi were working quite independently of me, and were telling interested people in confidence, how the white man's wife at Kwato cared for and loved the children who had come to her, and how a new day had dawned for their tribe with the advent of the "Misinare."

The whole secret of our early work is to get a personal influence over these wild people. It is impossible to preach the gospel directly you meet with men in utter ignorance of spiritual things. You have to form strange intimacies with savage men and women, for Christ's sake, and to act in a Christlike way towards them. Though they may suspect your motive for being kind and friendly at first—because disinterested kindness is something they do not understand, except as an occasional mood, within the narrow limits of their own family circles—in course of time they recognize it as a peculiarity of yours, and then follows the acknowledgement that you act as you do because you love Christ. But this is a process which

takes time. My work for the present was to make these people anxious to see me again.

We gathered the household together, when night set in, and at evening prayers we asked God's blessing on our day's work for Him, and prayed that He would reveal Himself, in His own way, to the hearts we found it so difficult to reach.

A little later we launched our canoe, and turned our thoughts homeward. The people came down to the river bank, and wished us "good-bye." My host, who had received from me the fish-hooks and zinc mirror, was in great evidence. Just as we were preparing to start, he came to the canoe, leading a small boy by the hand.

"Here, Master," he said, "I give thee my child. Farewell."

The little fellow waited for permission, and as soon as I had acknowledged this return, he leapt into the canoe, seized a paddle, and bidding his friends a dry good-bye, became No. 15 of my crew.

He was a hard-hearted little boy, you will think, to say "good-bye" to his friends, and join a strange white man, without shedding a tear. He was breaking with all his past, and beginning life afresh, under new conditions. He was too small to grasp exactly the position he occupied, but this much must have been clear to him, that he was leaving his home; and you would have thought that this would have affected him deeply. I have known boys very anxious to join me, who yet grieved when it came to parting with their friends; but as a general rule with the Papuan, sorrow is not very deep-seated, and the slightly wounded heart soon heals. No doubt, if you could hear their distressing groans and wails when they publicly mourn their dead, you might think these people very

emotional; but as I shall show in another place, public grief is ostentatious largely because custom demands that it should be so. It would be misleading to estimate a Papuan's sorrow by the noise he makes in advertising it. All his emotions are shallow. His heart is limited in feeling, as his mind is re-



ON THE RIVER BANK.

stricted in thought. He can neither hate his enemy, nor love his friend, as civilized people can. He may torture and eat the one, and howl and lacerate his face with sharp stones till his blood mingles with his tears, for the loss of the other, but it is not deep feeling which prompts either action; it is custom that demands it.

Before you British boys and girls will be able to understand how Bodu could wish his people "good-bye" with so little concern, you will have to be reminded that there is something in your home life which was entirely lacking in his. I think perhaps this is one of the worst things I have to tell you about my friends here. They have no love. It seems a terrible thing to have to say of any human beings, but it is true of these people amongst whom I live, that they do not know what love is. I mean, of course, the love which is so precious to you. They have no word in their language corresponding to our great word "Love." There is *nuatoatoa*, which is "pity," there is *he-nua*, which is "desire," there is *gadosisi*, which is "like": but there is no word for "Love." I know of no animal, except perhaps the duck, which is more careless in attending to its young, than the average Papuan mother. How many of them survive infancy and early childhood is a marvel. As soon as they can walk, they learn to be independent, and they root and grub about for themselves. I do not mean you to understand that there is no kindness shown by mothers to their children. I mean that their interest never rises to what we know as love. It is a mere animal propensity, compared with the love which reigns in a Christian mother's heart.

I cannot speak to you in detail of the terrible cruelty which is practised sometimes by mothers, towards their young daughters. Bitter tears are of no avail. Trembling, agitated little bodies make no appeal to the mother's heart. Under certain circumstances, the Papuan mother regards the most revolting brutality as necessary, because it is the custom to practise it. Custom here is stronger than natural affection.

We are teaching these people love, and love is destroying custom. Not many miles from my home, upon a large island which I can see from my windows, as I sit and write to you, it has been the practice of the people, until within the last few years, to bury the little child alive, whose mother died during its infancy.

A little while ago, a case was brought to my notice, where a sickly peevish child, probably teething, became such a nuisance, that after tolerating its baby cries and cross tempers for some time, the father and mother calmly decided to kill it. Cases of actual brutality are, however, uncommon.

There is no chastisement, because there is absolutely no correction. Where the Papuan shows his want of love is not in the general practice of cruelty, but in his utter unconcern for his children's welfare. He sees his little boys and girls grow up in vicious ways, and does nothing to warn them of, or guard them against, evil. Some of my converts have confessed to me that their own mothers first led them into vicious ways, while they were yet little children. Obedience, control of temper, decency of language, truthfulness, and respect—the Papuan parent recognises the necessity for none of these things. There is no moral standard for the Papuan child. He pleases himself. He is a savage, in thought and vice, before he is ten years of age.

If ever you British boys and girls sing the old hymn I used to sing as a child, do so with all your hearts when you come to the words :

“ I thank the Goodness and the Grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.”

So you see how unlike your Christian home the home of the Papuan is. There is the family circle, wider often than yours; there are common interests, such as defence against the attack of enemies, and the united effort of the household to procure food; but there is lacking that sweet atmosphere of Christian love which pervades your home and binds you to it.

Here and there, where men's hearts are being touched by God's gracious Spirit, Love is acting as a new force. Without a word to express it, they recognise this new emotion as being something sweeter and more powerful than anything they have known before. Custom, hitherto the greatest influence over their lives, is being broken down, because it is unholy and unlovely, and because Love is more potent than Custom.

"Father," wrote one of my young converts to me, while I was in England last year, "I have some great thing in my heart, and I have no word in my language by which to express it. It is what I feel towards you, for what you have done for me; it is what I feel towards Jesus, for giving me a clean heart and a new and happy life. I cannot tell you in words what I am so grateful for, but you will know what it is."

I did know; it was LOVE.

CHAPTER III

THE PAPUAN AT WORK

I THINK we see the Papuan in one of his weakest, and also in one of his strongest moods, when we view him as a workman. Generally speaking, he shows to great disadvantage. He is slow and lazy. He is seldom thorough. He botches his house, rather than repairs it. He will suffer permanent inconvenience, where a day's labour would save him all further trouble. To see him shamble off to his garden, to repair his fence, dragging his unwilling feet through the soft sand, and almost treading again in his own footsteps, makes you yawn and feel tired yourself for the rest of the day.

His ordinary daily occupations do not fit him for activity and industry. He has any amount of time at his disposal. He cannot very well starve, where nature is so bountiful; and so he goes about his work, making a skein of string, mending his fishing net, burning his lime, arranging the gay feathers in his head ornament, and discharging the trivial duties which make up his life, with the air of a man who is perpetually weary. He will go on like this for weeks and months, and the last thing you could imagine him doing would be running or hurrying.

What a poor specimen of humanity he appears, when you single him out by himself, and view him separately! But that is never the way to look at the Papuan. He very seldom shines if you isolate him. Take the same man that we have been watching as he goes about his work like one half asleep, and put him with ten other men of like temperament. We will suppose you are anxious to go to some place along the coast, forty miles away. You speak to these men, and ask them to take you in one of their canoes. It is a long way certainly—forty miles—and then they have to paddle home again. You offer them each an axe, and some fish-hooks; and you strike a bargain without any difficulty. I must say this for the Papuan, as I know him—although it does not apply all over New Guinea—he is very loth to deny you, if you ask him a favour; and his first thought is not what he will make out of you, if he agrees to do what you ask him. You arrange to start at sundown, so as to have the cool night for your journey. At the time appointed you go down to the beach. There is your canoe. A crowd of men and women are there to see you off, or rather to see your crew off: their sweethearts, wives, children and friends. Two men of your crew are absent. The rest coo-ee for them, to let them know you are ready. Our sleepy friend is one of them. Look! There he comes. He has been to his house to fetch an extra paddle. He jumps from the platform, and bounds from the ground, like a man on springs, and comes slapping his thighs, yelling, and flying through the air. You thought he was sluggish, inactive, decrepit, did you? Watch him, after you have taken your seat in the middle of the long canoe, as he takes hold of the tall prow, and putting his shoulders beneath it, helps

his companions to launch it. Slowly at first, and softly, it glides down the sand and into the sea, and with one bound the crew are in their places. They shout good-bye to their friends, they dig their paddles in the water, and you are away. There is a swing in paddling, as there is in rowing, and you do not catch it for the first few miles. After you have once caught it, it is difficult to get out of it again. Your crew quieten down after they have lost sight of their village, and the first spurt is over, and number three changes with number eight, and number two threatens to capsize the canoe, so you think, by crawling along the edge to take up a position aft. It is all right; they are trimming the ship. Your sixty-six foot "dug-out" is no easy craft to manipulate, if you strike a tide-rip; and she will do an extra knot an hour, if her proud, painted prow is a few inches higher out of the water.

You know these men, of course. You have seen them lazing about the village, and in their gardens; and you anticipated a tedious journey, when you asked them to take you forty miles down the coast. All this chipping and chopping about within a few miles of your start is what you expected: you must make the best of it. You made the bargain with your eyes open. You go to sleep, and sleep soundly, for an hour or two, and then wake up to find the paddles still going hard, and the men still in good temper, and you sleep again, and wake again, and so on through the long night; and at last there creeps over you the feeling that you are imposing on your willing crew. The day dawns: still the same swinging stroke is being maintained, and you are within sight of your destination. An hour later you step ashore. You hand your crew the promised payment, and thank them for their services,

and you realize that there is energy and endurance in our lazy friend, which you did not suspect.

The Papuan excels at a prolonged spurt. He does all his work in this way. In his normal condition he is indolent, but if you happen to catch him when he is in the mood for work, and when he is working in company with his fellows, his activity and endurance will strike you as phenomenal. No matter what work he undertakes, whether he is clearing the thick bush in preparation for a new garden, or fencing-in his yam and taro plantation to exclude the wild pigs, or building a new house, he does his work with a rush and a shout. You notice this same peculiarity in his house-building. This is quite a formidable undertaking. It is only when you begin to realize what it means to the Papuan to erect a new house that you cease to wonder why, with so much good building material around him, he continues to live for years in dwellings which threaten to collapse with decay, and which have canted so far out of the perpendicular that the internal arrangements must be very embarrassing to the occupants. As I have said, he lacks individuality. Initiative with him generally is a public function, seldom a personal responsibility. He will throw out the intimation in an apologetic way, that he needs a new house; and the idea is allowed to develop gradually into a publicly-recognised fact, and it becomes understood that, in course of time, building operations will be commenced. He is quite dependent upon his fellows, and would never think of starting, with his own family, to collect material. What it is exactly which brings the matter to a head, I have never been able to find out; but a time comes when every one seems fully seized with the absolute necessity

for making a start. Then with yells and shouts, altogether out of proportion with the slender task on hand, they invade the bush; they fell the necessary timber, and collect sago leaves for the walls and roof. Great excitement prevails for a little while, and presently a strong, well-built frame



"DWELLINGS WHICH THREATEN TO COLLAPSE."

is ready to be walled-in and roofed. Two fine ulabo posts are firmly set in the earth, and rising up at the ends of the house, carry the curved ridge-pole.

But death, perhaps, plunges the owner into sudden grief; and to show the strength of his regard for his late relative he steps forth, and deliberately hacks away at the principal

support of the house with his tomahawk. He only stops just short of bringing the structure down about his ears with a run. The workmen stand off and watch this performance in silence, much impressed with the wonderful feeling which exhibits itself in such a sacrifice.

When work is resumed the roof is thatched very neatly and skilfully, and the floor is laid by tying battens of split bark to the hardwood joists.

Any one not knowing how to build a native house would naturally think this was the most critical condition of the whole operation. A light frame, surmounted by a heavy roof, and no walls, would be expected to fly away like an umbrella, in a gale of wind. And yet it is just when the work has proceeded thus far that the workmen appear to have exhausted their energies, and disperse. The owner manages to tie up some plaited cocoanut leaves and an odd mat or two on the weather side, as a protection from the elements, for himself and his family, and for months they live under the most uncomfortable conditions. Then when the roof is getting blown to pieces, and the frame is perishing through continual exposure to the wet, a fresh burst of energy is displayed over a feast; this gorge of pig and yam being indispensable to further developments in house-building. Then the walls are put in, and the house finished; and the owner and his family—those of them who have survived the exposure—live happily ever after!

There is a very clearly defined division of labour between the men and the women. The women work more continuously than their lords, and are consequently more industrious. Most of the heavy work falls naturally to the man's lot. He fells the trees in the bush, and makes the garden fences; you

have seen how he builds the house; he sallies forth with spear and net in quest of the wild pig; he builds or repairs the canoe, and goes off on long expeditions bartering the particular produce of his village for the produce of some other village, it may be nearly a hundred miles away. The women plant



"THE HOUSE FINISHED."

the garden with taro, and yam, sugar-cane and bananas, and continually keep the weeds down. And when the crops are ripe it is the woman who carries down from the garden on the mountains, often a thousand feet above the level of the village on the coast, the great burden of food, and on top of this again, a huge bundle of faggots for her fire. Strange

to say, this carrying of food is as distinctively the woman's work as the cooking is. The man will walk a few yards in front of his wife for miles, and while she staggers along under a load of seventy or eighty pounds weight, it will never strike him to offer to relieve her for a hundred yards. This is from no want of consideration on his part: carrying food is woman's work!

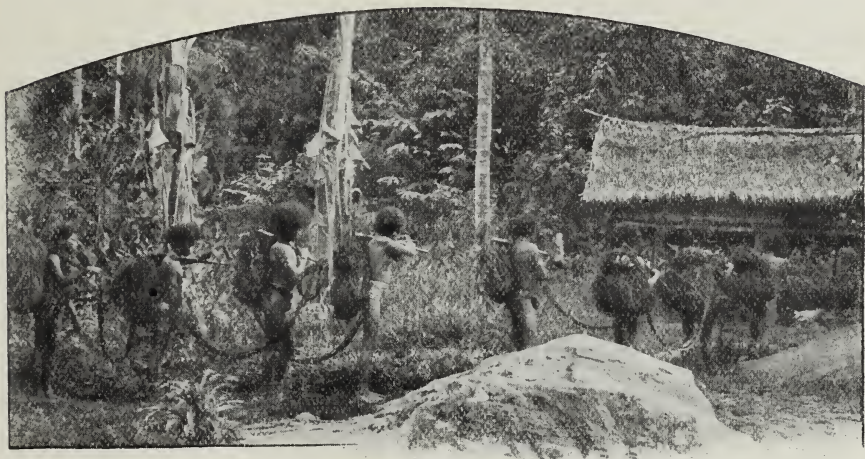
The woman bears the whole weight of her heavy burden suspended by a narrow strap of plaited string over the top of her head. In the course of years this strap makes a deep indentation right across the skull.

After she gets home she has, with the other women-folk, to prepare the evening meal. The yam or taro has to be peeled with a sharpened shell, and cut into pieces. Then it is carefully washed, first in fresh-water and then in sea-water. After every particle of dirt and skin has been removed, it is put into earthen cooking-pots, and covered with leaves. The cooking-pot is poised upon three stones, which are set in the midst of a fire, and in an hour or so the meal—practically the only meal of the day—is served. Men and women never eat together. A man and his wife will only break through this custom if they are quite alone. The food is divided into two portions: round one the men, and round the other the women sit and eat their meal.

The woman is practically the bread-winner in the Papuan family. Such occasional luxuries as fish, pig, kangaroo and snake are provided by the men. There was a story related of one of our teachers in the central district, a few years ago, which shows how dependent the family is upon the woman for their food supply. A strong, well-built man came to the teacher and begged for food. He was destitute. The teacher

had a garden of his own, and knew that there was no scarcity of food just at that time; so instead of wasting his charity upon an undeserving case, he asked the man how he came to be in this condition.

"There is no drought, there is no failure in the crops. Why don't you get your food as the other people do, and as I do, from your garden," he asked.



CARRYING THE PIG-NET.

"Garden?" said the man in an injured tone. "I have no garden: I have no wife."

It used to be very difficult, during the first few years of our work here, to get girls to join us at Kwato. Parents would part with the boys, but it touched the prospective food supply when it came to giving us the little girls.

One Saturday afternoon, about six years ago, I went across to an adjacent island, to visit some of my people there who

were sick. I had paid my calls, and was walking back along the beach alone, when a young woman, about eighteen years of age, suddenly rushed out of the bush and caught hold of me by the hand. This was a very unusual thing for any Papuan girl to do. Under ordinary circumstances she would have regarded such a familiarity as disrespectful. The poor girl was so agitated that for some time she could not tell me what was in her mind. She stood before me, sobbing as if she would choke. I knew her well by sight, as she had been a regular attendant at church on Sundays. After I had spoken to her kindly she told me that her relations were very cruel to her, and she begged me to take her to Kwato, and allow her to become one of Mrs. Abel's girls. I told her I would speak to Mrs. Abel about her as soon as I got home. I could not promise to take her, as we had had to make a very stringent rule not to admit girls to our station as old as Seme was; and she quite understood why this rule had to be made. I promised to speak to her the next day, Sunday, when she came to church. In the meantime she was to go back to her friends, and was not to resent their bad words and inconsiderate conduct towards her. Mrs. Abel, after hearing the story of my adventures, went into the girls' room, and told our young converts all about my experience that afternoon with Seme. She was very delighted to find her girls so interested that they one and all begged that Seme's wish might be granted, and that she might be allowed to join their little Christian community. They said they knew Seme; they had often spoken to her on Sundays, after the services, and she had more than once told them how much she wished she had been younger, that she might have been a Kwato girl,

and have had the advantages of Christian training. It was therefore decided that in Seme's case the rule of our station should be waived.

On the following day I was very busy with my services. I did not notice Seme in church, although she was there, and as she did not come to speak to me I forgot, for the time being, that I had an important message for her. Late at night, the day's work being over, my wife and I were sitting together, when Edidai, our senior girl, entered the room and said—

“Mother, what about Seme?”

“Oh!” I said at once, “I quite forgot the poor girl.”

“She is here with us,” said Edidai, with evident delight.

Seme had taken it for granted that she might come, and there we found her in her native grass petticoat, sitting on the verandah at the back of the house, waiting for permission to enter and become one of us. Well, there was a great



GIRL WITH HEAVY LOAD.

cleansing process of initiation to go through. Hot water, soft soap, precipitate powder, and so on; a regular routine, and a very necessary one, too, when a new-comer arrives. An hour later Seme was cleaner than she had ever been in her life before, and she went into the bright girls' room, and slept happily in a new atmosphere, in company with her Christian sisters.

The next day my stout Samoan teacher came puffing up the hill to see me. He was quite out of breath.

"There's a great row going on down below in the village, Master," he said.

"Indeed!" said I, "what is the matter?"

"The Logea people!" he said, catching his breath.

"What's wrong with the Logea people?" I asked.

"They want Seme," he went on.

I saw at once that Seme, although she was a woman, was not independent, and that it was evident her friends resented her decision to leave them.

I told the teacher he might have saved himself the painful journey up the hill. If the people wanted Seme, the proper thing for them to do was to come up and see me about her. The teacher explained that they knew this, of course, but they were very annoyed, and as they were all of them friends of mine they were anxious to avoid approaching me personally, on a matter about which they felt so strongly. I told my teacher to go back to the village, and send them all up to me. It was nearly an hour before they very reluctantly appeared before me to state their grievance. They put their case very cleverly. They pointed out that it had not been their practice to deny me their children. Maori, Hani, Gada, Lopita and

Alaedi were all children from their villages; and they had been living with us for many years. Seme was different; she was a young woman. She was moreover a woman of exceptional industry, and her skill in gardening was very great. Her loss to her immediate family was irreparable, and to the wider community it was serious, in prospect of a feast which was pending. Therefore she must be allowed to return to her village.

Seme's father and mother were present. I pointed out to them that I had nothing to do with Seme's coming to Kwato, whereas they themselves had. "She came," I said, "to seek shelter from ill-treatment, and I was obliged to help any one who came to me in distress." What I would do was this: Seme should be called, and they could say whatever they liked to her, in my hearing, to induce her to go back with them. "If," I said, "she consents, I do not wish to stop her; but if she objects, she is at liberty to remain under my protection." It ended in Seme's remaining with us. She is with us to-day, and is one of the truest and brightest Christian girls in our little community.

How her relations fared for their food supply I never heard. Her father and mother and uncles and aunts visit us every Sunday, and have long ago forgotten their annoyance in losing their expert gardener.

I think, perhaps, the fact that the woman is the breadwinner tends to insure domestic peace. A little further to the east of us the men do most of the garden work, and I have noticed, especially in this particular tribe, that the women are terribly ill-treated. You will see a woman with her head clean shaved, because she is mourning for a relation, and her

scalp is disfigured by three or four old scars, the blow which caused any one of which, you would have thought, would have been sufficient to have killed her on the spot. Those are so many gentle hints her fond husband has given her at one time or another, with a broad, sharp-edged ebony club, which he appears to keep for the purpose. I have never known a single case of this kind in my district, and as I say, I think the food question regulates the man's conduct in this respect, to a very large extent. The revolting cruelty of these men, a few years ago, towards their enemies, before they finally killed and ate them, shows they are not lacking in the lowest instincts of barbarism. This generally considerate treatment of their wives, which is not ordinarily a feature of savage life, is due I think to a logical position which may be stated in this way. If a man hits his wife on the head, and stuns her, and renders her incapable of work for a few days, then it follows that until she can get out to her gardens again the noble hitter has to go short of food. The man finds that he cannot dispense these lordly taps on his wife's head, without hitting himself at the same time, in a very tender spot; so he regulates his conduct accordingly. Occasions are not wanting when blows would be a great relief to the Papuan's feelings, and the fact that he refrains from this course of action must not be taken to imply that his matrimonial arrangements are always perfect and peaceable.

A savage in a temper is one of the most distressing sights it is possible to witness. As a rule, however, the fury expends itself in violent abusive speech. I have seen both men and women possessed by devils. There could be no other way of describing the raging emotion which governed them, until it

subsided from sheer exhaustion. As a relief to pent-up passion, a man will sometimes attack his house. Snatching up his axe, between the diabolical yells in which he flings his



SPEARING FISH.

vituperative imprecations at his wife, he hacks away at his house, tearing up the floor, and hurling it in his frenzy as far as he can scatter it in all directions. This can hardly

be called the "Papuan at work." This is the Papuan *making* work. He finds that out when he wakes up with a sore throat, the following morning, and has to set about repairing the damage he has done to his property.

The Papuan's mode of purchasing commodities with which he cannot supply himself, is by bartering with neighbouring and friendly tribes. Sixty miles from here is the nearest centre from which he can obtain pottery. Every year he goes in large canoes upon an expedition to Ware, to replenish his supply of cooking-pots. The sago which grows in the swamps abounding in this part of the country he prepares, and ties up into neat bundles, resembling huge sausages, about two feet long, and six inches in diameter, and these are his barter for pottery. He takes taro in exchange for yams, and plaited baskets for shell ornaments.

These bartering operations are no small item in the life of the Papuan. He is kept busy for some time, preparing his produce, before he goes away to distant islands, or on voyages along the mainland to supply himself with food and other things which he can only obtain by importation. He is not, as a rule, a hard man to bargain with; and it is remarkable how easily he manages to strike an equivalent with his neighbours, between cooking-pots and sago, dingoes and betel-nuts, basket-ware and jewellery. He is no stranger to the transaction of business on the hire system. In the case of large sailing canoes and very valuable ornaments which his insufficient capital never permits of his purchasing outright—his payments "on account" are always regularly made to his creditors; and the decreasing liability extends, in some cases, over many years.

CHAPTER IV

THE PAPUAN AT SEA

BY this time you have learnt enough about the Papuan to know that he is able to undertake long sea voyages. You will read elsewhere, how he goes forth in his *tavero*, or war-canoe, to avenge himself upon his enemy. You have heard of him taking ship for islands nearly a hundred miles away from his own village, for the purpose of visiting and trading with friendly tribes. I want in this chapter to tell you something about the canoes in which he embarks when he goes upon these various expeditions.

The Papuan has four classes of ships. I suppose the *tavero* should be mentioned first, since it is, or was, his man-of-war. I have no picture to show you of this interesting vessel. During the past ten years this class of canoe has entirely disappeared in this part of the country. Since inter-tribal fighting was summarily stopped by the British Government, there has been no further use for the Papuan Navy, and there is not a single specimen of a *tavero* to be seen in these waters to-day. The last I remember was cut up, and the hull converted into broad flooring boards for one of our native churches.

You can get some idea of the appearance of the *tavero* from the picture of the *vaga*, as this vessel is built on the same lines, only of course on a much smaller scale. The *vaga* answers to our handy rowing and sailing boat, and is used commonly for short passages

across bays, and for going out a few miles to sea, in moderate weather, for the purpose of fishing. Between the seasons, when the weather is generally fine, and the winds light, these small craft are often used for expeditions of from ten to twenty miles along the coast. They hug the shore all the way, and at any time if bad weather sets in, it is possible for the voyagers to turn into some quiet bay, and hauling the *vaga* up on the beach out of harm's way, wait under temporary shelter until the storm has subsided.



A PAPUAN VAGA.

The *vaga* is propelled by means of paddles. It is made out of a solid log, slightly tapered at both ends, and to prevent it from capsizing—or rather perhaps, to stiffen it, and make it more buoyant, and increase its carrying capacity—it has a long float attached to it, and running parallel with it, all along one side. The float and the canoe are four feet apart, and the intervening space is decked in with strong rattan laths, and forms a spacious deck for the storage of cargo, and for the accommodation of some of the passen-

gers. If a dead fair wind favours the voyagers, it is only the matter of a few minutes to paddle the craft in shore, cut an impromptu mast from the thick bush along the coast, scale the coconut-palm tree and hack off two long leaves, plait these together for a sail, re-embark, and up stick and away down the coast at the rate of three knots an hour.

The third class of canoe is the *gebo*, the use of which is almost entirely confined to the people living in the eastern portion of my



A GEBO, WITH WHALEBOAT IN BACKGROUND.

district. Wagawaga is the centre for these canoes. A *gebo* will sometimes measure over sixty feet in length, and it will accommodate as many as sixteen paddlers. This is what I have before referred to as a "dug-out." A huge cedar tree is felled, and with great difficulty, and with corresponding excitement, is rolled and hauled to some convenient place in the bush, and is there adzed into the lithe, elegant shape of the *gebo*. A Papuan stone adze has a movable head, so that in scooping out the sides of the canoe, which are concave, the adze head may be turned to either side of

the handle. This enables the workman, while striking straight down, to effect the hollowing-out of the canoe. Generally, the Papuan prefers his own adze for this very particular part of the work; he gladly, however, avails himself of the sharp steel hatchet and adze of civilization, for doing the straightforward part of the operation, in the centre of the canoe. The stem and the stern of the *gebo* are tapered off with very delicate lines, and some of the finest Papuan carving is to be found upon the thin, tall prows of these vessels. The *gebo* is very rarely used as a sailing craft. It is essentially a very fast paddling canoe, and if ever I am pushed for time, and want to make an expeditious passage, I leave my whale-boat to follow me, and journey by *gebo*. It offers the least possible resistance to the water, as it has no supporting float, like the *vaga*, to impede its progress. It is certainly inclined to be a little "wobbly," and suggests to the uninitiated the idea of imminent disaster, but it seldom does more than threaten to capsize. A good crew will propel the *gebo* at a rate exceeding five miles an hour.

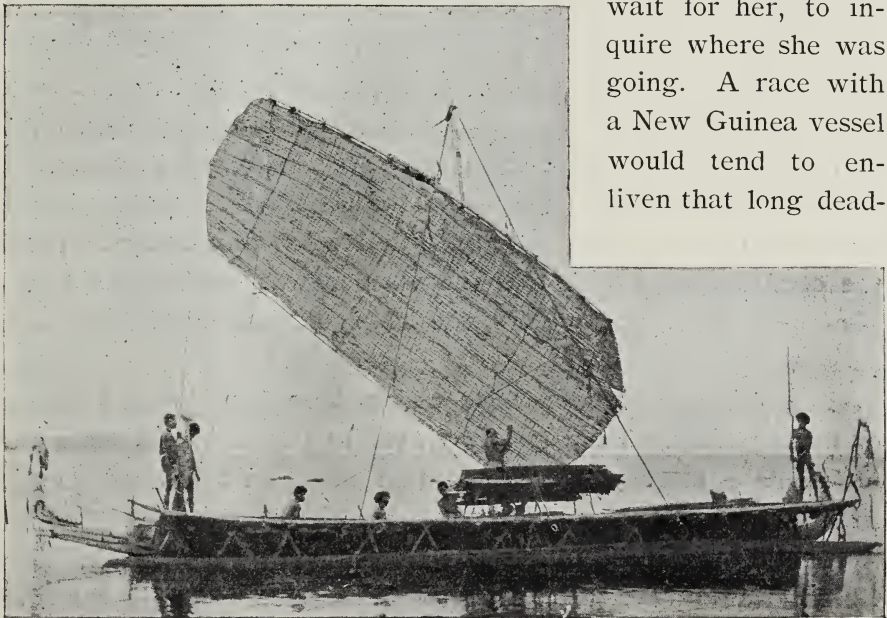
The *cauga* is little more than a raft, but it deserves to be mentioned here, since it is used close to the shore for fishing, and crude as it is in construction, is of constant service to the Papuan. It consists of five light pieces of wood, about six inches in diameter, tapered at the ends, and strongly lashed together with cane. A man will fold himself up on this partially submerged contrivance, and sit and fish for hours, with the ripples of the sea cooling his limbs, as they wash over the surface of his primitive raft.

Then, lastly, the Papuan fleet includes the *vaga-ue*. This is by far the Papuan's highest achievement in design and invention. His dwelling houses are good: better, I should say, than the native houses of much superior races in the South Seas,

such as the Rarotongans or the Samoans; better certainly, from my own knowledge, both in architecture and workmanship, than the houses of the Maories of New Zealand. But in the *vaga-ue* he transcends his skill in house-building, and in this handsome, well-constructed vessel, I think we see his highest development.

The *vaga-ue* is a huge, clinker-built vessel, constructed on very fine lines, and capable of very fast sailing, even when close-hauled on the wind. I remember once leaving Kwato in my whale-boat, to beat down the coast to an island about eighteen miles away. Soon after I had started, I found a *vaga-ue* was getting under way, a mile or so astern of me, and I told the

boys to heave-to and wait for her, to inquire where she was going. A race with a New Guinea vessel would tend to enliven that long dead-



A VAGA-UE—"THE PAPUAN'S HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT IN DESIGN AND INVENTION."

beat. We hailed her when she came up to us, and found to our temporary delight that she was going to Suau, whither we ourselves were bound. So we let our head-sails fill, and resumed our journey on the same tack as the *vaga-ue*, which was close astern of us. To my great surprise and disgust, not only did the Papuan out-sail us, but she kept much closer to the wind than we could; and when night came on she was miles ahead of us. I have never taken liberties with this class of vessel since.

The *vaga-ue* carries one enormous, lozenge-shaped, mat sail. It takes the sailors a long time to hoist this heavy mat. Only one man hauls on the halyards, the rest assist by lifting the un-rolling sail with long poles until it is properly set. They do not put their ship about as we should, they merely cant the sail the opposite way, and carry the portable rudder to the other end of the vessel. I once asked Captain Mitchell, of the schooner *Olive Branch*, his opinion of this Papuan ship. He said it was an exceedingly smart vessel, which needed skilful handling. The marvel to him was that it so seldom came to grief, seeing you could never tell the captain from the cook. Everybody seemed, he said, to share in the command, and when any difficulty arose the confusion was such that the wonder was, amidst the multiplicity of conflicting orders, the ship did not capsize or run ashore.

I have never had occasion to undertake a long journey in one of these vessels. They mostly travel to the eastward from my centre here, and a few miles in that direction takes me to the limit of my district.

One of the most interesting adventures of my life in New Guinea was a voyage I had to make ten years ago, in a native canoe of another kind, before I came to Kwato. I accompanied

Savage, one of our missionaries, in the old Mission schooner *Mary*, from Port Moresby to Orokololo. Here, where Holmes now makes his headquarters, we made arrangements to purchase from the natives two allotments of land. After a stay of four or five days we returned to the eastward as far as Motumotu. A few days later Savage had to go to the Torres Straits in the *Mary*, and I was left to wait for the Mission schooner *Harrier*, which was to be sent from Port Moresby to pick me up. At that time there was no other means of communication along that coast, and you may imagine my concern when, after waiting for three or four weeks for the over-due schooner to turn up, I received one morning a note from Dauncey, which had been a long time reaching me by native carriers, informing me that the *Harrier* had been disabled in a severe gale, and had been obliged to go over to Australia for repairs. I was a hundred and twenty miles from Port Moresby, and the question I had to face was how to get back to that distant station. There was at this time a Rarotongan teacher living at Motumotu, and as he had been very kind to me during my enforced detention, and as he had more experience of New Guinea coasting than I had, I stated my position to him. He informed me that sometimes a trading vessel passed the station, but nothing so far as he knew was expected there at that particular time. Sir Wm. Macgregor, our late Governor, who was leaving Port Moresby for Thursday Island at the time I left to go West, had kindly promised, if possible, to call off Motumotu upon his return in his steam yacht *Merrie England*, on the chance that I might be wanting a passage; but as the time went on and his yacht did not put in an appearance, I felt convinced Sir William had been obliged to alter his plans, and I was left to get back to Port Moresby as best I could. As

it happened, had I waited at Motumotu another day or two I should have been picked up by the *Merrie England*, Sir William going out of his way to call and render me the assistance he had proffered. He arrived, however, to find I had left a few days before by native canoe.

The Rarotongan teacher had given me no hope of my being able to find a vessel going East, and I began to wonder whether it would be possible for me to walk along the coast. This remained to me as a last resource; but the one hundred and twenty miles from Motumotu to Port Moresby by sea would be little short of three hundred miles by native track along the broken coast. So for the time being I gave up any thought of covering such a distance without carriers and without food, both of which it would just then have been impossible to procure.

I am afraid I was chafing under this imprisonment, when one afternoon Ka, the teacher, came into the house where I was living, and broke the news to me that the following evening, towards sundown, nine large canoes were leaving the village for Port Moresby. They were then loading sago in the river which runs out into the sea at Motumotu. The teacher had known for some time of this expedition leaving for the East, but he was not hopeful that the people would grant me a passage, and had considerately kept me in the dark, while he did his best to persuade the voyagers to take me with them. He was still uncertain whether I could go or not, but the chief Lehari had relations going, and he, I presume, for his friend Tamate's sake, had interested himself in my case, and Ka had great hopes now that they would ultimately consent.

An hour or two later Ka brought a party of twelve or fourteen men up to the Mission House, and he acted as interpreter

between us. I must say, for raw savages, I found them very polite and very reasonable. They were not refusing me a passage merely to be disobliging. They had looked at the position in all its bearings, and had come to the conclusion that it would be better for them and for me if they were to deny me my request. Through Ka they pointed out the facts which had led them to this decision. There was first of all no suitable accommodation for a white man. Then again, the canoe of which they formed part of the crew was already carrying forty-three souls, men and women, and this made it next to impossible for them to devise any means of providing separate quarters for me. Then again, I was not alone. I had two boys, Josia Lebasi and Ketapu, with me, and their presence only added to the number of the already overcrowded vessel. There was, besides, the food question. They heard I was out of stores. "What," they asked, "had they to give me to eat?" Native sago and cocoanuts would, they supposed, never satisfy me for eight or nine days. But their very reasonable considerations were easily set aside, and I assured them they presented no real difficulty to me. Anyway I was perfectly willing to take things as I found them, and make the best of my circumstances.

But there was yet another side of the case to be stated which was far more difficult to deal with. With true native instinct the men who confronted me said:

"We are willing enough to let you come, but we form only a small part of the crew and passenger list; it is the others who oppose your journeying with us."

I did not know then what I have since learnt, that had I been face to face with the objecting section, and had this obliging few been absent, the majority would have attested to their anxiety to

help me, and would have thrown the blame for their inability upon the shoulders of my present soft-spoken friends. For subterfuge and subtle lying the Papuan has, I hope, no equal upon the broad face of this earth.

"They are liars!" blurted Ka shortly, in the Port Moresby dialect.

This does not sound quite so bad in the language he used as it does in English; but he meant every word of his violent charge. I think he told them in their own tongue that they were perverters of the truth, because, though I did not understand his speech, what he said to them was very short, and his face was a language in itself.

"Ask them," I said, "why their companions object to my taking passage with them."

A general silence followed my question, until poor impatient Ka roundly scolded them again. I guessed again at his matter. He told them, I think, not to put their heads together to invent an answer, but to tell me the reason without further ado. It was the fighting chief Lehari, who came to our help and volunteered an explanation. This old man had been sitting near Ka, listening to our conversation, and was evidently still disposed to lend the weight of his influence to secure me a passage. He spoke of course to Ka in his own language, and Ka, in very broken Motuan, which he could only just speak, and which I could only just understand, interpreted his words as best he could to me.

"They have kept from you," said the chief, "the real reason for their not wanting to give the Misinare a passage."

"What is the real reason then?" asked Ka.

"Well," said Lehari, "it's like this: these men are about to embark on a very long journey. Part of the coast they have to

pass is in the hands of their enemies, and they may have trouble, although this is not expected. Their canoes can only sail with a dead-fair wind. If a foul wind drives them ashore and disables them they might be attacked whilst at this disadvantage. The winds and seas are under the control of the spirits, and none of these forty-three people would undertake this long journey without previously appeasing them. Then on the journey every attention must be given to the management of the vessel, and the sorcerer who travels on board will be constantly employed, and his services . . .”

“Well,” said Ka, interrupting him, “what has all this to do with Master’s passage?”

“It’s this way,” continued the chief, coming to the point; “if the Misinare goes, the people are afraid he will interfere with their customs. He will stop the constant drumming. He will be telling the sorcerer he is not to charm the masts. That is what is in their minds.”

The twelve men showed by their faces this was in reality the whole point. So at length it resolved itself into a compact, which they suggested.

“If the Misinare will come with us,” they said, “and will promise not to interfere in any way with what we do, we will give him a passage.”

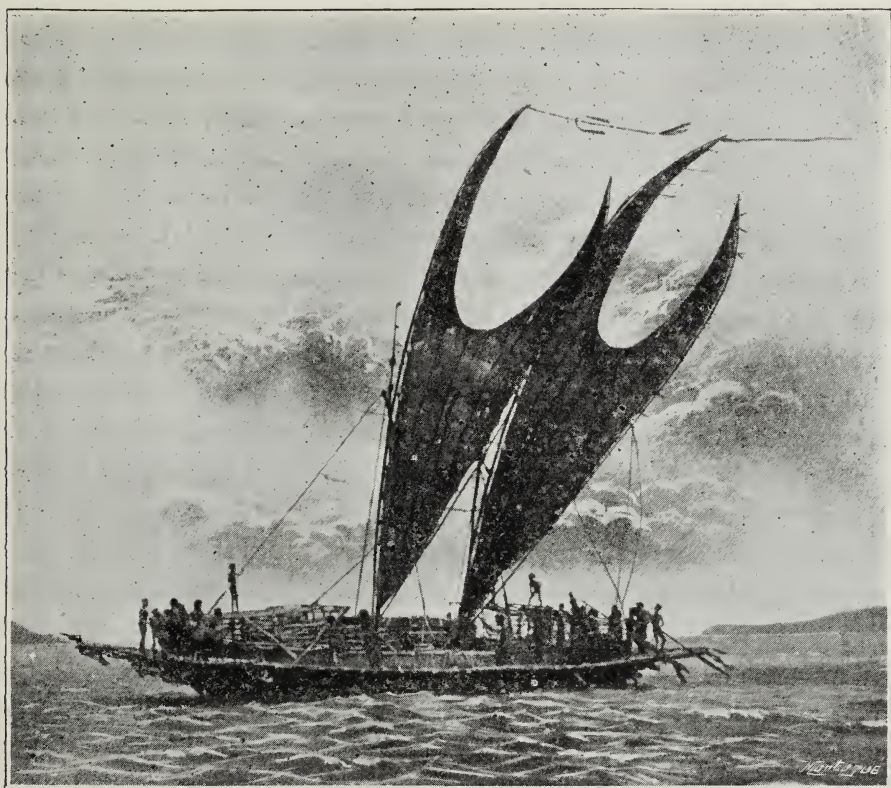
I accepted their terms. Poor people! I could not speak to them in any case. How they imagined I could interfere with them I do not know, unless they supposed I might be inclined to tie the sorcerer up by the legs, and throw the drummers overboard.

No sooner had we come to this agreement than the men left us, and I had that night and the following day to collect my few things together, and arrange with Ka about my food supply

for the next few days. My two boys were very bright and active in prospect of their speedy release, and the thought that they were going one hundred and twenty miles in the direction of their homes, which were three hundred and sixty miles to the eastward, was evidently a source of great satisfaction to them. At four o'clock the following evening we went on board the *Olote*, as she lay at anchor in the Motumotu River. Her anchor was a huge piece of rock stoutly bound about with thick cane, with a piece of hard wood about six feet long lashed across the top. This was to facilitate the mariners hauling the anchor on board. The anchor chain consisted of a very long, stout cane which, as it could not be coiled up like a rope, or stowed away in a compact locker like an iron cable, had to be wound round and round the outside of the huge vessel when the anchor was weighed.

The *Olote* was a curious-looking craft. It was more like a houseboat than a ship. The hull, if I may call it such, consisted of six huge dug-out canoes lashed together. The shape of the vessel was therefore oblong, and gave no promise of smart sailing. Round the outside of these canoes, which were filled with the most offensive-smelling, fermenting sago, there was a kind of fence erected. I call it a fence rather than bulwarks because the term seems more accurately to describe it. In this way the whole of the cargo was enclosed by a wall nearly five feet high. Outside this wall there was a platform five feet wide, strongly decked with rattan, which entirely encircled the ship. At each end of the vessel, within the enclosure, a house was erected the width of the canoes, its open front facing the inside of the ship. If I were asked to classify the *Olote*, I should say she was a five-masted barge. She had an immense mast amidships, and a

smaller mast at each corner. I found she carried on her main-mast a tremendous claw-shaped sail made of matting. Her smaller sails were oblong.



THE OLOTE.

Karakata, the chief of the expedition, showed us where we were to dispose ourselves. At very considerable inconvenience to themselves they had given up half of the after-house on the starboard quarter for my use. The other half was occupied by several women and girls, who for some reason which I did not

know, had freely bedaubed their bodies with a bright vermilion pigment. There is no doubt the whole of this after-house was originally designed for the women, and though I could not express myself, I felt very grateful to my highly-coloured lady friends for treating me so kindly. The girls would never have troubled me at all. They kept at a very respectable distance even from the boundary line which separated our quarters, and with the natural decency and delicacy of savages at their best, they showed every respect and consideration for me in circumstances which they knew were strange to me. What did often annoy me was the fact that only a few feet away from my camp the old sorcerer carried on his business. I think perhaps I had a prejudice against this wizened old man. It was doubtless he who had raised the strongest objection to my going in the *Olote*, and I suspected that he was none too fond of me. His little game was played out, he knew, as soon as the people listened to the Misinare.

I had nothing whatever to do for seven days but watch these people. I had no books with which to beguile the time. My two boys were my sole companions, and there was not much of interest about which I could speak to them, as my knowledge of any language which they understood was limited. So I passed a great deal of time watching and wondering at the strange customs of these people, whose life for the time being I was sharing, but whose thoughts were so different from mine.

The sorcerer kept a little fire smouldering a few feet away from me, which was one of my chief annoyances. It was not the heat that I complained of. As part of his paraphernalia he carried in a plaited basket what looked like small pieces of the bark of a tree, and he would occasionally place a few of these

in the fire. The smell from that bark has unfortunately left a lasting impression on my mind. If it is possible to frighten evil spirits away—and I really think the Motumotuans believe it is—I can give anybody their remedy. If that horrible smell of the sorcerer fails, evil spirits may be led, but never driven.

The house in which I camped for eight days during that strange voyage was evidently the ship's armoury. The walls and roof were literally lined with bows and arrows; and there is no doubt that if the spirits which caused my companions so much concern had not responded favourably to the great amount of attention paid to them, and we had fallen in with bad weather and been driven upon an inhospitable shore, we should have made at least a stout attempt to defend ourselves before being overpowered by superior numbers. I kept my word with my heathen friends and did not interfere with them in any way. Every morning and every evening Lebasi, Ketapu and I used to read a few verses of God's Word together, and once or twice we essayed a hymn before we united in thanking God for His great mercies to us. As gratitude springs up in our hearts, when we compare our own health and happiness with some view we get of the suffering and misery of our fellow creatures, so in the presence of all this fear and restlessness on the part of these savages, my two companions and I praised God for our deliverance from this bondage and for the peace of mind which our faith in Him secured.

Captain Karakata seemed to me to have no very arduous task on hand. He was, as I have said, only able to navigate his unwieldy vessel so long as the wind blew fair; and seeing this was in the height of the North-West season, there was only a remote chance of our getting a head wind. The risk all seemed

to lie in the possibility of our getting more wind than we could run before. It would certainly take no very great sea to poop a vessel like the *Olote*, and the exercises of the sorcerer were all directed, I presume, to the end that not only fair but light winds might prevail.

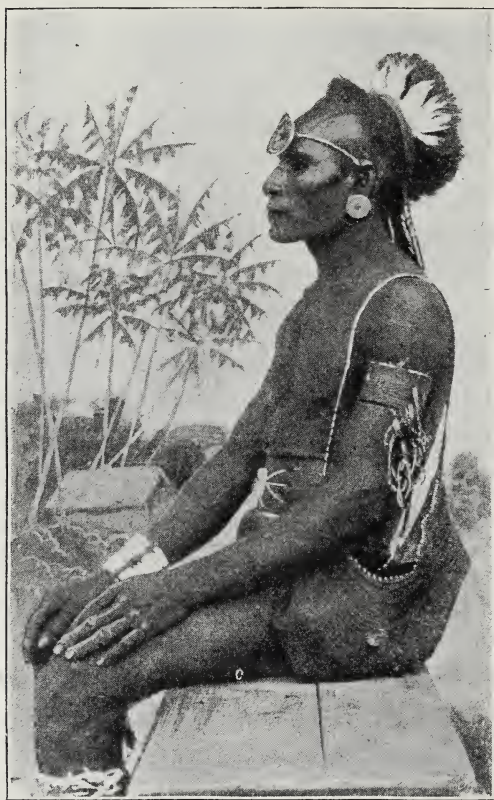
We carried a very considerable band, and as the bandstand was immediately above my head, and as they never once stopped playing their monotonous tune so long as we were at sea, I may be excused for having wished I had taken my passage without entering into a compact not to make a protest of any kind. Four or five drummers, relieved from time to time as they grew weary by other members of the crew, stood upon the roof of my house aft, and day and night kept their dismal *tum-tum-tum-tum* going, until all other discomforts—the irritating old sorcerer and the increasingly bad smell from the sago included—became mere trifles. On the housetop for'ard three men usually stood throwing their arms above their heads, and twisting their bodies into grotesque attitudes. All this was the real navigation of the *Olote*. It was the nasty odour from the smouldering bark, the perpetual beating of their monotonous drums, the ceaseless contortions of these naked savages for'ard, which secured to us the weather we wanted to take us on our way in safety!

I think it was the fifth day of our voyage that the wind grew lighter and lighter, until at last it died away altogether, and we were becalmed. For the best part of a day we lay in the sweltering heat without a breath of air to refresh us. The fetid odours of that reeking vessel were terrible under the sultry rays of the tropical sun. It was with a feeling of relief to me 'though to my less susceptible travelling companions

it seemed to be a matter of grave concern, that about two o'clock in the afternoon a dark shadow on the water far away to the South-East indicated that we should presently have a breeze from that quarter. Slowly the shadow crept along the surface of the ocean, until our sails filled, and we were under way again with a head-wind. There was quite a commotion on board. In a few hours night would be upon us. We were on a lee shore. There was only one course open to us, and that was to "wear ship" and make with a fair wind to the nearest harbour we could find, and there lie and shelter until the wind became propitious. These primitive navigators knew that coast too well to be in any uncertainty as to what course to take. A few miles to leeward of us a huge bluff rose sheer out of the sea, and beyond it a deep bay offered us the harbour we needed. An hour before sundown we sailed round the headland, and in calm, sheltered water we ran in shore, and heaving our anchor overboard made everything snug for the night.

This slight change in the weather was only temporary. The next morning, about nine o'clock, the North-West breeze liberated us; but in the meantime a deluge of rain had fallen, from which the slight shelter afforded by our small open-fronted house had not protected us. The morning broke with a clear sky. The dark clouds which had burst over us during the night were now clinging about the high mountains inland, and descending like water-spouts here and there about the swampy country a few miles from the shore. My boys were up before I woke; and before the sun had risen above the horizon I had followed their suggestion to wade ashore and enjoy a stretch upon dry land for an hour or two. After being confined in such close quarters this was a luxury not to be despised, and I gave myself up to the

full enjoyment of it. My stores, which had never been plentiful during my detention at Motumotu, were now exhausted, save for a solitary tin of bloaters. With as big an air as I could command I told Lebasi, whose office as cook had for some time been



THE CAPTAIN OF THE *OLOLE*.

a sinecure, that he could prepare breakfast ashore. His worried face was proof that such a joke in the presence of an empty larder was quite lost upon him, and with a serious air he waded back to the *Olole* to fetch a hard ball of sago and cocoanut cake, and to dish up the bloaters by the one and simple process of cutting open the tin with his sheath-knife. He found a convenient rock near the beach, and poised the tin of bloaters on the pinnacle; and having placed the sago ball on a broad leaf, he put it on a ledge of the rock which might have been made for the purpose.

What could have been nicer? A beautiful morning! A bountiful feast! A good appetite! . . . Just as I was about to show my appreciation of all these things, our travelling companions, who had, like us, taken advantage of this opportunity to

stretch their limbs, emerged from the bush. They had been hunting, and had come back laden with their spoil. Before I was aware of his approach, Karakata stood between me and my rocky breakfast table. I could not tell what it was he was saying, but I was beginning to understand language without knowing mere words. He had brought me a present of food. He held in his hand, by the tail, a lizard over two feet long. The hideous creature had been singed over a smoky fire. He laid its stiffened body on the top of the rock beside my bloaters, and I thanked him. Lebasi came up, and looking very indignant, flung the swollen reptile away. . . . He ate it himself afterwards. He ate the bloaters as well, and the sago cake. Karakata had killed my appetite by his kindness.

Before midday we had taken our anchor on board, we had coiled the long cable round and round the vessel, and with a vast amount of shouting and hauling we had hoisted sail, and were on our way to the eastward again. Light fair winds prevailed, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth day, when we rounded a headland, and to my unspeakable delight we entered Port Moresby harbour, and came in sight of the Mission House. An hour later I had bidden my travelling companions "good-bye"; I had thanked Captain Karakata for his personal kindness to me; I had even felt magnanimous towards the old sorcerer; and my strange voyage in the *Olote* was at an end.

CHAPTER V

THE PAPUAN: HIS LEGENDS

THE Papuan has never reduced his language to writing. He has a few signs which stand for ideas, but none which stand for words. He does not know anything about letters. For instance, if a man wants to protect his cocoanuts, he puts up a notice to this effect around his plantation: "Any man climbing these trees and stealing the nuts thereof will forthwith be smitten with an attack of *eaupoga*, without the option of a fine." Now, if there is one disease which a Papuan wishes to avoid more than another it is *eaupoga*. *Eaupoga* is a virulent skin disease, affecting the whole of the body with painful, suppurating sores. *Eaupoga* is contagious; and a man suffering from this complaint is severely isolated. No man in the world can stand isolation worse than a Papuan. He has very little in his mind to think about, he has no books to read, and with no one to speak to for many months, the poor patient suffers more from his miserable solitude than he does from his painful wounds; so that when an owner of cocoanut trees gets a sorcerer to put up this notice, no one will dare to trespass.

The warning is not in characters familiar to you on boards which in your country you see in the vicinity of strawberry beds and apple trees, and which inform you that "Trespassers will be prosecuted." The Papuan uses a sign to convey the

whole idea at once, in the form of a long fringe of palm or plaited cocoanut leaf, which he attaches to the trees upon which he has put his *gora*, as he calls it. This is the nearest the Papuan has come to writing, so far as I have seen. For this great lack—for it means, of course, that he has no record of the past to which he can refer as we can—he makes up to some extent by his legends. He can give you the origin of man as you find him in this part of the world, split up into small tribes and talking different dialects every few miles along the coast. He can tell you the origin of the fish, the pig, and the yam. He can tell you a long rigmarole about the cocoanut growing in the first instance out of a dead man's skull. He points out to you that the eyes, and mouth, and nose are to be seen to this day on the shell of the cocoanut; and no doubt you boys and girls have seen this without knowing before what it really was.



A GORA.

If you will take the Papuan's word for it, a certain man once went inland to hunt for pigs. He took with him as his only companion his dingo. After travelling for many miles he was taken ill, and without shelter, and without food, he died in solitude. Some years passed away, and another man took it into his head to make a similar expedition. Strangely enough, he followed in the tracks of his predecessor, until one morning

he came to a beautiful grove of young cocoanuts. He had never seen this graceful palm before. One tree was taller than the rest, and from its lofty head a cluster of golden fruit was hanging. At its feet lay a score or so of old cocoanuts, which had ripened and fallen to the ground. With some difficulty he tore the fibrous husk off one of them and exposed a large round nut, bearing upon one end the impress of the human skull. That cleared up the mystery which had enveloped the fate of the missing hunter. This was the discovery of the cocoanut, which is indiscriminately rolled, bowled, or pitched at, three times for a penny, on the corners of your commons on bank holidays. Taking two nuts with him, the man returned as fast as his legs would carry him to his village on the coast; and there he assembled all the people of his tribe, who were touched to hear of the fate which had befallen a member of their clan in years gone by. Their sorrow was so belated, that a very few tears did honour to the memory of one who had for so long a time been forgotten.

Then a great curiosity seized the people. The nuts were broken in halves, and the cool milk flowed out; and the sight of the sweet, snow-white kernel made their mouths water much more than the memory of the dead friend had moistened their eyes. If the cocoanut proved to be good for food, then they were face to face with the greatest discovery of modern times. But who would be heroic enough to eat what might be a poisonous fruit, and risk his life for the public good? There were no volunteers. Everybody magnanimously decided to allow some one else to have the honour of this distinction. It was a critical moment. Once it could be decided that this was edible, the food supply of the people would be almost doubled. How-

ever, where first-hand valour was wanting, ingenuity was in evidence. A bright thought struck the discoverer, and he repaired with his idea and his nuts to the house of his aged grandmother, who lived at the far end of the village. The old lady was sitting with her decrepit form bent over a low fire, for her blood was thin, and she felt the cold.

"Grandmother!" called the man in a loud voice, to arrest her attention, "see here! What fruit is this thy grandson brings to thee?"

The old lady looked up, and with surprise depicted on her wrinkled face she took the half nut offered to her, and carefully examined it. As far back as her memory would take her she had never seen nor heard of this thing before.

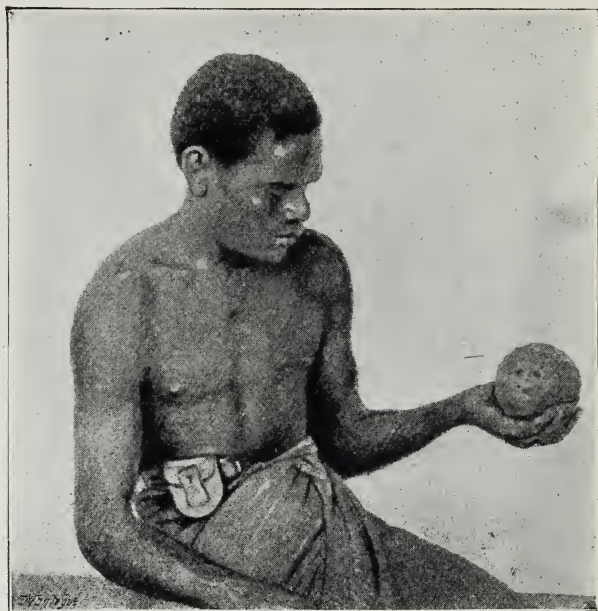
"Well," said the grandson, coming to the point abruptly, "we want to know if this is good for food. If I eat of it, it may be poisonous, and I may die. I am a young man: my life is before me. You are old: your life is done. In any case, you can only live a few months more. You eat it, and sleep upon it; and to-morrow all men will know the value of my discovery."

This seemed to strike the old grandmother as a reasonable suggestion; and when she was left alone with the cocoanut, and it was known she was to try the great experiment, a suppressed excitement filled the village.

Morning dawned. Before it was quite light the man repaired with nervous steps to the house where the old heroine had lived. He ascended the rickety ladder, crossed the platform, stooped down, and entered the dark house. A deathly silence reigned. The fire was out; and stretched upon her mat beside the cold ashes lay his prostrate grandmother. A great grief filled the

man's heart. He was not lamenting the loss of his aged relative; that was a mere incident. The experiment had failed. The cocoanut was no good for food.

The disappointed man left the house, with his feelings written upon every feature of his unhappy face. No one questioned him. There was no need for that. Four or five men went



THE FACE ON THE COCOANUT.

demurely in the direction of the old woman's house, and under it, right beneath where she lay, they began, according to Papuan custom, to dig her grave. Surely this was enough to wake the soundest sleeper; and disturbed by these gruesome operations, the old lady bestirred herself, and crawling out into the daylight, she sat down upon the little platform in front of the house

and rubbed her eyes. Then followed a hasty dropping of spades and a speedy flight of sextons. A moment later, and from every house men and women quickly but silently descended to the village, and in great astonishment they congregated in front of the platform where the old woman was sitting. Her grandson approached her cautiously and said:

"O my grandmother! surely thou hast returned to this life to tell thy people something. Speak!"

And the woman replied:

"Bring me more of the new food. It is sweeter than any of the foods our fathers ate. With the oil I anointed my body before I slept, and I needed no fire. Bring me more, that I may eat it before you, and that you may see that it is very good for food."

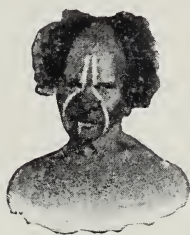
There was great rejoicing in that village. Men went out into the bush under the guidance of the discoverer, and brought back all the nuts they could carry, and planted them, and they grew and bore fruit; and in course of time they were taken to every village along the coast.

That is the legend of the cocoanut.

It may strike you as being very strange that the cocoanut should be regarded by the Papuan as a staple food. You have doubtless been taught to think of it as a very indigestible luxury; and perhaps for you it is. But a Papuan of your age would eat a whole nut before going to bed, and would wake up fresh in the morning, and not be able to remember his dreams.

Apart from his legends, which deal principally with the origin of things, the Papuan in this part of New Guinea is very rich in what he calls his "*piripiridae*." These answer to our

fairy tales. They have been handed down from generation to generation, and seem to be preserved with remarkable accuracy. I am sorry to have to decide, much against my will, not to tell you a Papuan fairy tale. I have a drawerful of these interesting stories somewhere, but my space is limited, and I have more important things I want to say to you.



BEAUTY-LINES.

CHAPTER VI

THE PAPUAN: HIS RELIGION AND SUPERSTITIONS

IF you were to visit New Guinea you might live for a long time with the Papuan before you would see in him any trace of his religion. He has no idols, he has no form of worship, he offers no prayers to any god or spirit, and he has no temples. It is therefore hardly necessary for me to tell you that the Papuan is not a very religious man. I have heard white men who have been to this country say that the Papuan has no religion. They mean that he practises none of the visible and recognized forms which they are accustomed to see in connection with the worship in civilized countries. But although this is the case, we find when we come to speak to him about Christ, that there is a foundation of thought, and even belief, in his mind, upon which we can build.

To begin with, we find he believes in a spirit-world. He believes in ghosts, and his ghosts are the spirits of the dead, who return sometimes and haunt the places which were familiar to them when they lived on earth. He believes in a future life. He buries his dead in some faint hope of meeting them again. He has his charms; he practises his sorcery; he puts himself in touch with the unseen and what we call "supernatural" powers, when sickness threatens his life and when he starts upon an

expedition to attack his enemy. There is little more than this in his life which can be dignified by the name of religion.

But where it is wholly unobservable to a casual acquaintance, the Papuan's thought and action are influenced by superstition. It is the undercurrent of his life. You need to be familiar with his customs, and have an intimate knowledge of his language, before you can accurately estimate how immediately his superstitions environ him.

Not many months after we first came to Kwato I was busy one afternoon building my house. A loud, though distant halloo which arose from many voices arrested my attention. I went to the seaward side of the house, and looking across the narrow strait I saw a party of about thirty men walking hurriedly along the foreshore of the adjacent island of Logea. I asked my boys what the continual shouting meant. They told me they did not know, but that there was doubtless something serious the matter. We watched the excited crowd for some distance as they hastened along the beach, then they struck inland, and in a few minutes their outbursts of shouting grew fainter and fainter until we heard them no more. Within an hour or so of this slight interruption to our work, a middle-aged man paddled across from Logea in a canoe. He hauled his little craft up the beach; he took out of it his native basket and slung it carelessly over his shoulder, and with his paddle in his hand he passed where I was working on his way to the track which leads over the hills to a small village on the opposite side of Kwato. As I looked round upon him he greeted me with the local salutation, "*Kagutoki*."

I thought no more of this visitor until the next morning, when as soon as it was daylight I prepared to go on with the work I

had left unfinished the night before. Out of the thick bush which in those days covered the face of the hills at Kwato, three women emerged by the track which the man had taken the previous evening, bearing upon their bent backs tremendous burdens of food and firewood. I stood and watched them as they walked across the flat on their way to the beach, their bodies stiff in every movement with the dead weight of the loads they carried. They had passed me by a few yards when one of them stopped, and turning partly towards me, said,—

“There is a man hanging by the neck from the *aiaru* tree, on the hill yonder.”

She turned to follow her companions who had gone on, but I called to her, and asked for more particulars.

“Who is it?” I inquired.

“Naniwa,” she replied.

It was a thoughtless question for me to have asked. No Papuan will mention the name of the dead. A man's name always dies with him. “*Naniwa*” is merely as we should say, “What's-his-name.”

“Do you know why ‘What's-his-name’ committed suicide?” I continued, anxious to understand this unpleasant occurrence.

“Because,” answered my informant, “his wife hanged herself yesterday, at Logea.”

“Why did ‘What's-his-name's’ wife hang herself?” I went on.

“Because Naniwa and she had a quarrel.”

My informant was not to be kept longer, and she staggered off to the canoe where the other women awaited her.

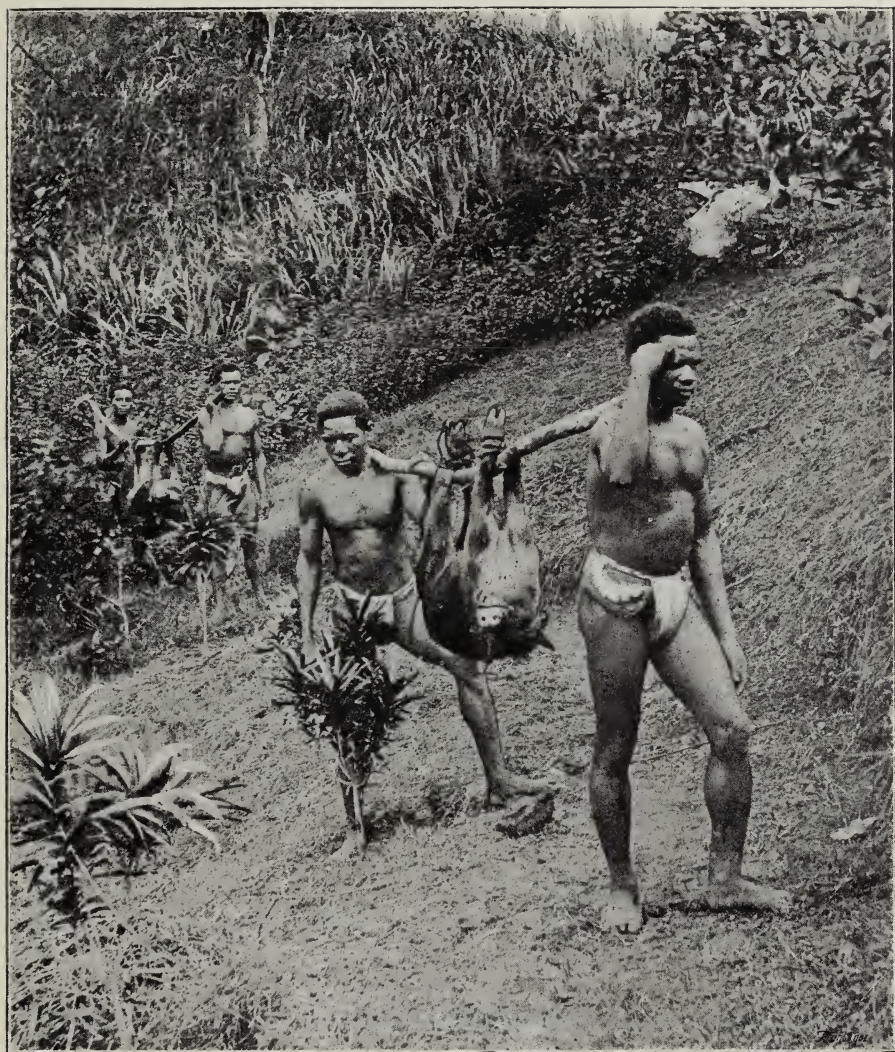
A Papuan often cuts off his nose to spite his face. “Naniwa's” wife had possibly got the worst of a domestic quarrel, and to avenge herself on her husband, had committed suicide. She

knew of course that her death would be laid at her husband's door, and that her relations would seek his life as compensation. "Naniwa"—I never knew his name—flew to what he thought was a city of refuge, but under cover of night infuriated men had sought him out, and he had run into the bush and destroyed himself.

An hour or so later some friends carried the body down to the beach, placed it in a canoe and took it across to his village on Logea. Very soon the sound of wailing reached our ears. There was a group of mourners at one village holding a noisy wake over the corpse of "Naniwa's" wife; and not more than a mile away there was another wake over the remains of my nameless acquaintance. This I attended. I found "Naniwa" lying in state upon some mats. He looked much finer than he had done when he greeted me on the previous evening. His body shone with cocoanut oil, and his face was elaborately painted in white and red. A long shell-stick was thrust through the septum of his nose; and his hair was carefully teased out and ornamented with the red and yellow blossoms of the hibiscus. A circle of women sat round the body. Only once or twice during his life had "Naniwa" looked so gorgeous. The idea was that he should now look his very best and noblest. Holding the cold hands in theirs, and stroking the lifeless arms, the women called piteously between their sobs,—

"Thou art passed away! thou art passed away!"

Groups of men and women converged at this point from all parts of Logea, the women bringing loads of taro and yam, the men carrying pigs suspended from poles, or nursing dingoes in their arms, these being their contributions to the funeral feast. Only a score or so of the dead man's nearest relations were



RETURNING FROM THE PIG HUNT.

engaged in active mourning; but these more than made up for any lack of reverence which might have been observable outside their narrow circle, by the violence with which they expressed their emotions. Not only did they howl one against the other, but they cut their faces with sharp flint, or they bruised themselves with round, seawashed stones till their eyes were so swollen that they could scarcely see.

Most of the people were busy preparing for the feast, cleaning and peeling taro and yam, killing and cutting up dogs and pigs, making ovens of hot stones in the sand; or attending to the earthen cooking-pots, which stood in rows ready to receive the food when it was cooked. It seemed to me they bustled about with unusual energy in order to escape from the depressing influence of the pervading and prevailing lamentation.

I was only just beginning to form a friendship with these people, the desire for which, I had every reason to know, was strong only on my side. It was impossible for me to be there that day and not feel conscious that I was intruding. In the early days of my work I often had the miserable feeling, which was more than a suspicion, that I was under certain circumstances forcing myself upon people where I was not wanted. However, there was no doubt in my mind as I looked about me upon that heathen community, that little as I was wanted I was sorely needed; and remembering how often my Master must have been tolerated where he was not welcomed, and taking heart from His boldness and patience, I stopped the wailing, and spoke to, and prayed for, the lacerated mourners. How much there was to say to those troubled hearts if only my heavy tongue could express all that was in my thoughts! However, I did my best. In faltering, broken language I spoke for Christ; I spoke of Christ, of

comfort, of hope, of rest. I knew my incapacity was not the measure of God's blessing, and I was as happy when I had finished my little service as you boys and girls will always be when you have not neglected a duty because you were not very strong, or very wise, or very big, but have done for Christ what you could.

The wailing started again as soon as I had walked away; at first it was more subdued than it had been, but it swelled up into its old force within a few minutes, and I was glad to get away on the outskirts of the village, where the cooking pots were surrounded by busy and apparently light-hearted cooks. A tree had fallen across the beach, just near where a cool stream ran over its stony bed to the sea, and where a *badila* casts its broad shade upon the white sand. I told my boys to bring my boat from the further end of the village, where we had landed in the morning, and beach it near the stream, and as soon as they left me to carry out my orders, I sat down on the tree and watched the strange scene before me. I was far away now from where "Naniwa" was lying in state, but the dismal wailing was still audible. The volume of sound would die down now and again; but the calms only served to emphasize the squalls which succeeded them. Two or three parties of men had invaded the thick bush at the back of the village to collect material for the house which was to be built over the new grave. It was cheering to hear their whoops, as they plied their axes to the trees, and as from the swamp under the hills they tied up sago leaves into bundles, and brought them upon their heads to the village.

As I sat there alone my mind was filled with thoughts of the work I had come to this country to do. These were the

people to whom God had sent me with His message of comfort. How could I deliver it unless I could understand what was in their minds? What was the meaning of this decorated corpse, this violent lamentation? What was the purport of this mourning feast? Probably everything the people were doing had some



A GRAVE-HOUSE.

heathen significance, and it was my work for Christ to get to understand it, and reverently, piece by piece, to break down their superstition, and replace it by a right way of thinking upon death and the life hereafter. I was occupied with my thoughts in this way, when some one approached me silently on the soft sand from behind, and a familiar and kindly voice said, "*Kagutoki, Taubada!*" ("Greetings, Master!")

I turned round, and faced my friend Dilomi, the chief of Logea. I no longer felt a stranger and alone. I knew that this old man's heart had been touched by God's Spirit, and that he was in sympathy with all my thoughts concerning these people. He placed his *tobo* on the tree, took from it a betel-nut and his lime gourd, and squatted on the ground a few yards from where I sat.

"*Iei!*" he shouted towards the busy village, "*Omi niu au hinae, Taubada ana au reama, i nom.*" ("Climb a cocoanut tree, and bring master a drink.")

In a few minutes a small boy had scaled a tall cocoanut tree with as much ease as you would walk upstairs, and had cut down a cluster of young, green nuts. Two of these were decapitated, and placed before me to drink.

Presently I turned to Dilomi and asked,

"Why have they painted and decorated the corpse?"

"It is our custom," replied the chief.

"Yes, I know that, but what does it mean?" I inquired.

"*Ibai*," he said.

I grew hopeless. *Ibai* is a very comprehensive expression: it may be literally translated, "query," "who knows?" Sometimes it also covers the wider meaning, "I don't want you to know."

"Thou art not willing to enlighten me," I said.

"Nay, Master," he replied respectfully, "it is not that. Thy question is a hard one for me to answer. We do these things because it is our custom. It is what our forefathers did with their dead, and we do it. I know no more than that."

I saw my question was too comprehensive for Dilomi to answer, so I continued,—

"Is Naniwa dead? Is he dead as that dingo is dead which they are cutting up to cook and eat as part of his mourning feast?"

Dilomi sucked the air through his lips and teeth and made a sound by which he expressed a negative, as we might express it by shaking our heads.

"He is not dead?" I said, acknowledging his reply.

"We say he is not dead," the chief answered, "we say only his body is dead."

"Where is his spirit?" I inquired.

"His spirit," said Dilomi, "is still here; when the *Rigaheruhuru* is eaten, then it will leave this world."

"Where does the spirit go?" I asked.

"They say," continued the old man with emphasis, as if he did not wish to imply that he shared their views—"they say the spirits of all the dead go to a place called Biula."

"And where is this abode of spirits?" I inquired.

The old man turned and faced the open sea, and pointing out across it to where the unbroken horizon almost melted into the pale blue sky and touched some silvery clouds, he said,—

"It is there."

"But that is where the white man comes from," I said. "Over there is Australia, a land like this. I have been there, and have seen it."

The old chief looked at me unshaken, and said,—

"How didst thou get there, master? In thy large canoe? That is not the place. Biula is only approached from beneath the sea."

"Beneath the sea?" I repeated with astonishment.

"Yes," Dilomi continued, growing warm with his subject;

"this feast thou seest the people preparing, this *Rigaheruhuru*, is to help 'Naniwa' on his way to Biula. All men dread that journey."

"How will he get there?" I inquired.

The old man slowly got up and walked away from where we sat to the water's edge, and peered down the coast towards the east. Then he came back, and sat down again.

"Thou canst not see it from here," he said, "it is hidden by another headland. There is a rocky cape there," he continued, pointing along the shore, "whence all spirits depart from this world."

As we sat there talking, men who had been passing to and fro along the coast came up and out of curiosity joined us, and squatted in a group around Dilomi, listening interestedly to the conversation. One of them, a decrepit old man, turned to the chief and mumbled a remark which I did not catch.

"How sayest thou?" I asked, not wishing to lose anything.

"Nothing," said Dilomi, answering for the old man, "except what I have been telling thee, that there is a rocky cape yonder, and the spirits of our dead descend into a huge cave there, and at the bottom of the cave is the passage from this world to the world beyond."

The old man interrupted again, but Dilomi put him to silence with a hasty gesture, and went on,—

"At the bottom of the cave there lives a great serpent. One end of the monster is here," he said, pointing down the coast towards the cape, "and its slimy body stretches away beneath the sea, and its head rests on the shores of Biula. The way is long and perilous. That is why these people have made ample preparations for the *Rigaheruhuru*. If their grief is great, and

the food they bring to the feast is plentiful, the spirit of Naniwa will walk with ease along the slimy back of the great serpent. If they neglect their friend to-day, he will be weak, and his feet will slip; and if he should fall into the sea he will be transformed into a fish."



DILOMI.

I looked towards the village and saw the people busy with their festive preparations. I saw the long rows of cooking-pots, and heard the ceaseless wailing of the mourners. Poor "Naniwa" could count upon his passage, if there was any truth in this belief.

"And what will happen," I asked, "when he reaches the world beyond?"

"There," said Dilomi, "Sauga will receive him. And Sauga will light a fire under a frame of split cane, and will lay him upon it; and as the heat of the fire rises, the body of Naniwa will gradually come to life again; and his friends

who are there will identify him, and make a great feast in honour of his safe arrival. . . . Master," Dilomi went on in a different tone of voice, "I must go. Another time let us speak together on these things."

He stood up and approached me with his hand extended, and

I took it in mine. This was not a native custom, but Dilomi had learnt it from us. It was not the only thing that good man had learnt; he had been telling me what he once believed, and what most of these heathen still believed. He held my hand in his.

"Farewell, Master," he said, "there is only one way to Biula; it is through Jesus Christ. I must go to the place where they mourn for 'Naniwa.' The feast is ready. I will tell them He is the way."

The Papuan, if he is not religious, is very superstitious. There are, he suspects, evil agencies at work all round him, and he steers his course so as to avoid them if possible. It is natural for him to seek a cause for every disaster which befalls him or his family. As likely as not he fixes upon some inoffensive individual as the *paana* of his child's death, or of the sickness which visits him; and half the troubles of bygone days have probably been founded on some groundless suspicion of this kind. If, however, he is not in the mood to raise a squabble with any one just when adversity overtakes him, he attributes his misfortunes to the interference of spirits. Of the two evils this is manifestly the less, for whereas he resents the wrong he thinks has been done to him by his fellow-creature with his spear, he can only wish his more flimsy enemy further, and make the best of a bad job. There is a great deal in his attitude towards spirits which is very foolish. We need great patience to enter into all his little ideas, and must never dismiss his irrational conclusions as something too childish to be regarded seriously by us. A weak position on his part is only to be met successfully by a strong one on ours; and the process of leading him to adopt a better view is always slow, and must be kindly and considerably undertaken.

The Papuan is never a strong-minded man at the best of times, and when his body is weakened by disease his mind becomes immediately affected. Where we should recover from sickness by force of will, the Papuan invariably gives in and dies. In many cases which have come under my notice he has prepared to die before we have regarded him as very dangerously ill. Nothing comes easier than death to the Papuan, when once his mind is fixed upon it. Especially is this the case when he conceives that an evil spirit is interfering with his affairs. The Papuan collapses before this illusion as quietly and certainly as we should sleep under the influence of a strong narcotic.

Papuan sorcery, generally speaking, is the most self-evident nonsense. Much of it is mere clumsy jugglery. A man is sick, and the *Tauobaoba* is sent for. He enters the hut with an air of great solemnity. He bends over the body of the sick man, and mumbles something under his breath. He passes his deceptive hand over the prostrate body before him, and produces a stone or a piece of stick, which he throws to the relatives with the satisfied air of a surgeon who has performed a skilful and successful operation.

"But," I have often asked these people, "do you really believe the sorcerer extracts stones and sticks from the body?"

"No," they will answer, "but he says he does. The man is dying, and we don't know what to do."

Although so much of his sorcery is of this trivial kind, it is often practiced with very deadly effect. While the sorcerer is quite powerless, of course, to restore life or health, except in so far as his presence and supposed power affect the will of the patient, he is able at a few hours' notice, with certainty, to destroy life. When his services are sought to create or help, he

brings his tricks in his hand, and can do very little; but when he sets about his business in the opposite direction he is terribly destructive. I can only touch upon this very interesting fact here. It will no doubt surprise you, indeed it may surprise your fathers and mothers, to be told that a strong healthy man can walk away into the bush, and because another man has told him to die, he lies down and dies.

"What does he die of?" you ask. "He has not been clubbed on the head; he has not been speared or poisoned; what does he die of?"

The Papuan thinks the sorcerer can kill him because he believes he has the power to take life. Of course this is true. The sorcerer does kill the man; and the Government is stamping out the practice of sorcery by holding the sorcerer responsible for the life of the man whom he has charmed to death. The man dies because the Papuan's brain is so weak that he cannot resist the enchantment under which the sorcerer has placed him. He believes he must die, and uses no effort of will to oppose the authoritative will of the magician.

As I said just now, it is very easy for the Papuan to die. A very remarkable case of attempted passive self-destruction occurred at Kwato a few years ago. A woman who had attended our services very regularly, removed with her young family of boys to a village near Kwato, in order that her children might be educated. As her three boys joined our boarding-school, she herself came, in the course of time, to live with us. She occupied a small hut, and was employed in sweeping the village, and cooking the children's food. I suppose in this way she was cut off, to some extent, from the old friends among whom she had formerly lived. After she had been with us for over two years

she was taken ill, and was confined for some days to her hut. Her complaint was a simple bronchial cold. I gave her medicine, and she was soon convalescent. To my surprise, I was told one morning that she was ill again; and supposing that she had suffered a relapse, I visited her hut again. Her former complaint was cured; but her new symptoms were very perplexing. She seemed quite prostrate, but complained of no pain. The next morning an alarming message was sent to me, to say she was dying.

"Dying?" I repeated, "she can't be dying." My informant told me that though Nowai's former sickness was cured, she was so annoyed because her old village friends had not visited her during her illness, that she had made up her mind to die. I hastened to the room where my wife was working, and broke the news.

"I will go and see her at once," I said, "but what can I do?" The previous day she had apparently been suffering from weakness. This report might be exaggerated: I would take something to revive her. I took therefore a stimulant—sal-volatile I think it was—and ran down the hill with it to her house. Before I reached her little dwelling I slackened my pace. There was no use in hurrying. I could hear the wailing of the mourners. This was no proof that she was dead, but it showed she was so far gone that her friends, who hearing of her condition had hastened to visit her, considered her case quite hopeless.

I entered the hut and found Nowai, dressed in her "Sunday" gown, laid out upon the floor. Her face was set, her eyes were closed in death, her cold hands were calmly folded across her body. She looked very peaceful, and I reverently approached her, and felt her forehead, and was sorry I had not seen her an

hour sooner. Poor Nowai! I found a piece of paper, and pencilled a note to my wife up the hill: "Nowai is quietly passing away; it is only a matter of moments."

It was only a matter of moments before, to my surprise, my wife rushed unceremoniously into the hut. She had two or three of her girls with her. I stood dumbfounded. I had my hat in my hand in the presence of death, and I could not take up a fresh attitude without notice. I wish I had the liberty to tell you all I saw. In two minutes the mourners were slinking out of the house wiping their eyes on their arms, having suspended their grief by order. Nowai was being supported in a sitting posture. Hot flannels were being applied to her spine. A weak stimulant was being administered with a tea spoon. My wife and her irreverent confederates were rubbing the old woman back to life; and as I went outside to relieve my changed feelings, I could hear my wife's stern voice speaking in the woman's dialect:—

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Nowai! you ought, indeed! . . ."

I very much regret that my wife, whose speech was worthy of a verbatim report, insists that I have said quite enough about Nowai's case to prove the point that it is very easy for a Papuan to die. I may, however, say that this incident occurred nearly six years ago, and Nowai is still employed in sweeping the village and cooking the children's food.

CHAPTER VII

THE PAPUAN: HIS RELIGION AND SUPERSTITIONS

(continued)

I HAVE seen the Papuan on more than one occasion suffer very great inconvenience in consequence of the prophetic utterance of some man who gives out that he has had communion with the spirit-world. The man may have made no previous claim to be able to reveal the mysteries of the unseen or of the future, but if he is emphatic in his statement, and careful in the arrangement of the details of his prophecy, the whole community will probably listen to him.

Some eight years ago a prophet arose and invented a most remarkable story. He was a young man named Tokeriu. He lived at a village called Gabugabuna, on the north side of a deep gulf about thirty miles from Kwato. The first indication I received of Tokeriu's notoriety was finding my church one Sunday empty of nearly all but the children belonging to our own station. Upon inquiry I was told that the people who usually composed my congregation had gone to Tavara, which is the native name of the district in which Tokeriu lived. I imagined at first that some big feast had called them away; because at that time these people were sometimes absent for weeks together, and for an important *mataasi*, as they called it, they would journey in their canoes nearly two hundred miles. But I was informed

that the present exodus was due to a prophecy which so seriously affected the whole country-side that men had gone to learn from the prophet, at first hand, what it was they had to fear, and what it was necessary for them to do, in order that they might escape the evils he predicted.

My colleague, Frederick Walker, was in charge of that part of the district where Gabugabuna is situated, and so seriously did he view the movement that we decided to leave Kwato at once, and by following our flock to the centre of this disturbance do what we could to allay misapprehension, and to settle the minds of our people, by opposing Tokeriu to his face.

We left Kwato in our whale-boat, and keeping along the south side of the gulf, we arrived the following afternoon at a village called Wagawaga. Here we had a station, in charge of a Papuan teacher named Biga. Wagawaga was only about nine miles from Gabugabuna, so that we landed well within the vortex of this prophetic whirlpool. There was no doubt about this when we stepped ashore opposite the little, whitewashed, weatherboard house, where Biga and his wife Ruta and their three children lived. Instead of being greeted by a crowd of men and women, as was usually the case when we visited Wagawaga, we were welcomed by only Biga and his family. The village was silent and deserted. Not only had the men and women and children fled inland to the hills, but the pigs and dingoes had gone too. I am sorry to have to report it, but even old Isaraela, the teacher's friend, our staunch supporter who lived with his family within the Mission compound—even he could not ignore the prophet's warning, and seized with the panic he picked up everything he could carry and fled for his life. I shall never forget the look of relief on Biga's face when we met him that afternoon.

Bravo Biga! you, a Papuan yourself, were true to Christ in the face of a terrible trial. Bravo Ruta! for it was you who had the moral courage to bid your husband stand true when, Isaraela having followed the crowd, his heart wavered. They



BIGA AND RUTA.

neither of them knew we were coming, and the expression of their relief was very pathetic. There was true heroism in their action. It was a new position they were required to fill because they were Christians, and because they were Christians they were able to accept it.

"Where are the village men?" asked Walker.

"They have fled to the mountains," excitedly replied Biga. "There has been no man in the village since Isaraela left us two days ago. He was the last to go, and he begged us to accompany him."

We had a long talk with Biga and heard from his lips an authentic version of the prophecy. It differed from what we had heard at Kwato by thirty miles. The Papuan is a great gossip, and as this report spread down the coast every hamlet

and village added to it, until it was scarcely recognizable thirty miles away. However the substance was there. Tokeriu had had an interview with a spirit—he might have been a London journalist for the capital he made out of it. There was no one at Gabugabuna who doubted that Tokeriu had seen and spoken to a spirit. The interview took place at night, and in the morning his face was changed, and he looked like a man whose wits had left him. This was probably what had really occurred, only when Tokeriu said he had talked all night with a spirit, people said that that accounted for his wits having left him. Nobody was uncharitable enough to suppose his wits had gone before the ghost appeared.

The communication Tokeriu had received was very alarming. During the following moon there was to be a terrible upheaval in that part of the country, and all the forces of nature were to be let loose together. The programme was to commence with a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by lightning and a deluge of rain. The next item was to be a furious gale which was to work great havoc in certain places along the coast. Then, when something light and fanciful might have been appreciated by way of a change, the *pièce de resistance* was to be introduced in the form of a trio. There was to be an earthquake, an eruption, and a tidal-wave. The eruption was to occur in the middle of the gulf, somewhere between Wagawaga and Gabugabuna, and when the commotion which was anticipated in connection with this united effort had subsided, it would be found that a new island had risen from under the sea. This mass of rock thrusting its head up into the air from under the sea was to cause the tidal-wave. It was this part of the prophecy which had led to the desertion of Wagawaga and other villages in

the vicinity. All the coast thereabouts was to be submerged. This was to be the end of the first act.

You will think, no doubt, there would be no audience to witness the remainder of the performance. But the spirit was good enough to tell Tokeriu that, provided the people complied with certain conditions, these evils should pass over them without doing them bodily harm. The conditions were very simple. First, there was to be nothing *dindim* (foreign) in any man's possession. They were to turn out their kits and discard their tin match-boxes and pocket-knives and anything else that they had received from the white man. They were, in the next place, to wear in their armlets a *bisave*, or long narrow leaf, almost touching the ground, as a sign that they agreed with these conditions. Then, in the third place, they were to leave their villages on the coast and go inland to live. This was the most curious stipulation, showing how easy it is even for people like these to think they will be saved by mere form. At Gabugabuna itself the people left the coast village, and complied with this condition by building new houses not more than half a mile inland and on the same level. They were assured, however, that the tidal-wave which would destroy them if they remained on the beach, would leave them unhurt a few hundred yards away. Having fulfilled these conditions they might await the course of events complacently.

After the eruption-and-tidal-wave item was concluded, the wind was to change to the south-east, the dark clouds were to give place to bright skies, and the new island, covered with gardens planted with yam and taro and all the delicacies of the Papuan taste, was to smile invitingly to the people to come and take possession. On the horizon, at the mouth of the gulf,

a sail was to be sighted; and borne along by the fair south-east breeze, a huge vessel would come and anchor off the island. She was to be laden with the spirits of the dead; and the faithful, who had escaped the terrors of this awful day, were to meet their departed friends again. Food was to be so plentiful under this new régime that all pigs were to be killed and eaten at once, and all the available food in the gardens was to be consumed, if possible, before the thunderous overture announced that the great day had come.

It was late in the afternoon before we had extracted these particulars from Biga by plying him with a series of questions. Before we had finished our investigation a large number of men and women had returned to the village, and outside the little mission house a crowd had gathered, evidently for the purpose of hearing what we had to say on this absorbing subject. It was clear that they were divided in opinion amongst themselves. The majority were followers of the prophet, and had only come down to the coast because they had heard of our arrival, and perhaps because they supposed, by our being there, we had more exact information as to the time of this visitation than they had. But a few of the people were openly sceptical, and loudly expressed a desire to hear what the "misinare" had to say with regard to Tokeriu's prognostications.

I do not say that what we did was the wisest thing, in every particular, which we might have done. We have to learn the art of dealing with savages when we are face to face with our difficulties; and very often we gain our experience, and pay dearly for it, by the mistakes we make. We were amongst people at Wagawaga who had always been friendly towards us, and who had been duped by the utterances of a false prophet. At Gabuga-

buna we were unknown, that part of the coast at that time not having been opened up to missionary influence. We set to work to show our friends the fallacy of their fears, and calling together a great crowd of men in front of the teacher's house, we dealt all the heavy blows we could at Tokeriu, and showed how illogical and absurd his position was. Biga, who could not stop the panic single-handed, and whose words were listened to with scant respect a week before, made a speech which, backed by our support, did more than anything we could say to convince the people that they had been deceived. He spoke undoubtedly under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He had a great opportunity, and he rose to the occasion. His word carried great weight from the fact that he had refused to run with the crowd, and that, so far as they knew, he had never for a moment shared their fears.

I wish I could convey Biga's speech to you as he gave it, and that you could see that black mass of savages, squatting before the mission house, under the spell of his simple, convincing words.

"Men of Wagawaga," he said, "you are my friends. You have heard the words of my master. Will you refuse to hear him because he is a foreigner and comes from another people? Will you then refuse to hear my words? I am one of yourselves. Yet you may say I have deserted you to follow the customs of the white man. I have lived with you here through many seasons. You know my life; it is lived before you all. It is here, in the conduct of my life, that I depart from your evil customs. Some of you have heard my words when I have called you to the House of God; and the message I deliver to you to-day is no new word which you have never heard from me

before. I have only one message; and had you received it, you would have been saved from present trouble. There is only one True God; and the winds, and the rains, and the earthquakes are at His bidding. He alone foresees the future: He alone has spoken of the things which shall come to pass. You have



A HOUSE AT WAGAWAGA.

followed the word of Tokeriu. When will you hear what the True God says to you? If you will hear Him, no false voice like this shall distress you. Men of Wagawaga, how long will you continue in ignorance? Do you forget when Domu arose, the prophet of Mita? I was only a child then, but many of you remember Domu's words. Do you remember the havoc he

caused amongst our fathers? And what truth was there in Domu's prophecy? At all times our forefathers have listened to the words of men, and have suffered. And you will continue to suffer, until you listen to the words of your Maker. He sent His Son into this world because He had compassion on us; He can take away these fears which fill your hearts with terror. Will you receive Him? Will you accept His word? Then shall your hearts be strong and your false fears shall cease. That is my word to you, O men of Wagawaga! Hear it!"

The effect on the meeting was very remarkable. Immediately Biga stood aside a man got up in the midst of the crowd and in very excited language called upon his companions to take heed to what they had just heard. He plucked his *bisare* from his armlet, as a sign that he renounced his belief in this prophecy, and several others were bold enough to follow his example.

We had, however, lost sight of the fact that the more we convinced these people they were wrong in believing the prophecy, the more we incensed them against the man who had deceived them. At his word they had destroyed their gardens, and had killed all their pigs. To assure them that this had been a mistake was naturally to awaken in them feelings of the bitterest resentment against the false prophet. Our friend who had plucked out his *bisare* was violently indignant. He was a man of impulses; and now that his mind had been suddenly swayed to admit the fallacy of Tokeriu's statements, he was eager at once to make that gentleman pay dearly for the damage he had done to his property. This opened up to the crowd quite a new train of thought. If the prophet was false, then he must repay them for the tremendous losses they had sustained because they had believed in him. The idea caught on in an incredibly short

space of time. We had told them we were going the next day to Gabugabuna to meet this prophet. They would come too, armed to the teeth, and if Tokeriu could not give a satisfactory account of himself they would stop his prophetic tongue for all time in a very summary manner.

Within a couple of hours we found ourselves practically at the head of a standing army. The enemy was only across the gulf, eight miles away, and our sanguinary friends were working themselves up into a perfect frenzy, and converts to our views were coming over from the other camp by scores. Our meeting in this respect had been a tremendous success, but the unfortunate thing was that our supporters were not willing to let the matter drop here. The next thing, the only thing to do from their way of thinking, was to fight—this being their only means of redress. It never seemed to have occurred to these people that we could take exception to such a course. After our meeting was over, they were making out amongst themselves a very pleasant little programme for the following day.

There was nothing for it but to summon another meeting; and at eight o'clock the bell rang, ostensibly for evening prayers. Biga conducted family worship in his own house, his score or so of mission children being almost crowded out in the crush which filled the small apartment and overflowed from the verandahs to the ground below. It was a good beginning to the difficult task we had before us. We had satisfied these people that the threatened evils would never come near them. The harder task remained to get them to agree with us that they must not resent the injury Tokeriu had done them. Biga's prayer was all for power to do what was right rather than what seemed natural. My friend Walker is looking over my

shoulder as I write this book, and he will resent any allusion I may make to his part in that evening's affairs in terms of praise. He attributes the successful issue of that important night's work to the forceful speeches delivered by our New Guinea teachers. The tone of the meeting, however, he set himself, and although he attributes praise where it is undoubtedly due, it was one of those occasions where the leader requires great tact, and my colleague had the satisfaction of seeing his wild audience, for the second time, influenced in the right direction.

It was ultimately arranged that early the next morning we should embark for Gabugabuna. We agreed to take with us any number of representative men they liked to appoint, but the condition upon which we invited them to accompany us was that no one should go armed. Our mission was to be one of peace. We undertook, on our part, to convince Tokeriu and his people that they were under a delusion with the same arguments we had used in dealing with them that afternoon; and they were to witness Gabugabuna's penitence; and the whole country-side, such was our sanguineness, was to be restored to peace without further ado!

CHAPTER VIII

THE PAPUAN: HIS RELIGION AND SUPERSTITIONS

(continued)

AS soon as the sun rose the following morning we were ready to make a start. Our "flotilla" included a whale-boat and three long dug-out canoes. Biga and two other New Guinea teachers accompanied us, besides a score or so of men from Wagawaga. We were two hours crossing the gulf, the sea being very lumpy and the wind of very little service to us. We landed at a point about a mile from Gabugabuna, where we were told it would be easiest for us to get ashore, and where during our absence we could leave the boat and canoes in safety. We kept along the beach by a track which ran through thick bush, although it was only a few yards away from high water mark. After crossing a creek by means of a cocoanut tree which had fallen across the stream, we emerged suddenly into a cleared space, where the original village of Gabugabuna was situated. There were very few people there. Those we saw appeared to be collecting their valuables, before finally abandoning the doomed place. There is no doubt that news of our coming had preceded us. Word of our intentions had been taken over from Wagawaga during the night, and probably a very exaggerated account of what we meant to do had reached these people's ears. We saw at once that our visit was regarded with scant favour, and the wisest thing we could

have done, perhaps, would have been to get back to our boat as soon as possible. However, we failed to catch exactly the prevailing atmosphere of the place, and somewhat brusquely, as it must have appeared to the men we met on the coast, we pushed on inland to the new village, which was in some miraculous way to be protected from the ravages of the tidal wave. We had another cocoanut bridge to cross, and then we broke again into daylight, where the bush had recently been cleared and New Gabugabuna built. The houses were erected in long rows—quite a new idea in this part of New Guinea. All along the front of say fifteen houses, one long platform had been erected. As we approached the village this terrace lay before us, so that we got a good view of the people before we reached them.

Two things were very ominous. First there were no women and children to be seen. In visiting the Papuan it is always high time to think of defence, or escape, when the gentler sex are put out of the way. And then again, the whole of the long platform, stretching from one end of the village to the other, was occupied by a dense crowd of men, who sat there awaiting us in sullen silence.

The centre house in the long terrace was larger than the rest, and we judged rightly that this belonged to the chief and visionary Tokeriu. We consequently made straight for the platform in front of his house. We greeted the men who occupied it with the local salutation, "*Tenanihi*"; but they made no reply. This was a further indication that matters were serious. In their way these people are very polite, and this refusal to reply to our salutation showed us at once that, while it was easy to get to Gabugabuna, it might need considerable strategy to get away again.

"Is the chief Tokeriu here?" asked Walker.

"No," sullenly replied a man from the platform. "He has gone inland."

"We are your friends," continued my colleague. "We have come to speak to Tokeriu. We are not here to fight you, for see! we come to you unarmed. We are strangers to you, but you have heard of us from your own countrymen along the coast, that we are their friends. Can you send inland and tell Tokeriu we desire to speak to him?"



"SULLEN SILENCE."

For a considerable time we could not get them to despatch a messenger to the chief. Biga pointed out to us that Tokeriu's supposed trip inland was merely a subterfuge. In all probability he was watching us from the thick belt of bush which surrounded the village. It was not likely that all his tribe should be assembled to receive us with every sign of disfavour, while he himself was out of the way. Biga was of great assistance to us. He knew his own countrymen, and could discern impending danger when

it was hardly visible to us. He kept us constantly informed as to what was going on. He told us there was no doubt Tokeriu was near at hand, and that the probability was that, wishing to avoid a fight with us, which might be inevitable if we met him face to face and repudiated his prophetic claims before his own people, he had purposely refused to meet us unless we insisted upon it. Our own position was very difficult. Any sign of fear on our part might embolden these people to avenge themselves for our intrusion and interference. Our only course, we concluded, was to rely upon the protection of God in the discharge of our duty, and now we had gone so far, to try and get an opportunity of reasoning the whole matter out with the people.

We had been standing all the time near the platform, no one having asked us to ascend. However, as boldness on our part was favourable to our success, we waited no longer for an invitation, so took up our places amongst the crowd. We tried to draw the surly men about us into conversation, but to no purpose. We questioned them quietly about the great evils which they thought were threatening the country, but they curtly refused to answer us.

"Only Tokeriu can talk to you of these things," they said.

In the course of an hour three messengers were despatched to Tokeriu, and each returned with the evasive answer—

"Tokeriu has gone inland, and cannot be seen."

I had in my wallet a long thin stick of trade tobacco, a delicacy very much prized by these people, and as I was sitting in the doorway of the chief's house I took it out, and threw it to some men who were sitting behind me in the dark. Almost before they had time to pick it up, it was hurled back and struck me on the ear. I was trying, without being noticed, to inform Walker of

this when Biga crawled up to me, and said in a dialect the people about us could not understand—

“Master, get away from the doorway; the men inside the house are armed, and only wait a sign to murder you.”

I had hardly time to decide how to get out of my awkward position before the whole crowd of men, who had been sitting silently about us, burst into a suppressed hubbub. Some new turn in events had taken place, and we were all alert to see what it was. Then across the open space we saw two men approaching. One was the messenger who had last been despatched to the chief.

“Is that Tokeriu?” we asked, pointing to the other.

Our uncommunicative companions replied by raising their eyebrows. We had a good view of the prophet as he walked slowly towards us. He was not the greyheaded wizened man we had expected to see—the kind of old man who, in his dotage, might imagine he had held converse with a spirit in the night. Tokeriu was in the prime of life. His lithe body was anointed all over with cocoanut oil. In his armlet he wore the ominous *bisare*, which trailed behind him as he walked. This was the mark of his entire repudiation of the white man, and he approached us reluctantly. When he came up to the platform we rose and greeted him. This action of ours was evidently mistaken by the people to mean that we were about to arrest him, and in a moment the silent crowd leapt to their feet and their voices burst into angry clamour. Every man was armed and alert, and for the next few minutes, humanly speaking, our lives were at the mercy of any one of those savages who had shouted “Kill them!”

Happily Tokeriu was not in a pugnacious mood that afternoon. The last thing he would give his consent to was our destruction. He knew the “Misinare” by report, though we were personally

strangers to him. There can be no doubt that our old friend the chief at Rabi had spoken to him about us, and probably before this illusion had filled Tokeriu's mind, he had sometimes wished to see us. He was a refined man, for a savage; and the marvel to us was that he could restrain his people, who were not in sympathy with him in the conciliatory course he was taking. It was his prophetic claims which had added so much to his authority.

A passion was raging in his heart which we could not understand. He showed all the symptoms of a man under the strain of a great emotion. The muscles of his face twitched nervously, and all the movements of his body showed he was trying to hold himself under control.

My colleague quietly addressed him.

"Tokeriu," he said, "I have held converse with the Great Spirit. He has sent me to speak to thee. He sent me to thy friend Gunuare, the chief of Rabi, and to Isaraela, of Wagawaga, and these men since they have heard His words have changed the manner of their lives, as thou knowest. I want thee to listen to His words, as thy friends have done. Thou dost not know me, except as they have told thee of me, and of Him whose messenger I am. I have the same good word for thee and thy people here. I have left my own people in a far-off land, to bring thee a great Gift. There are many false spirits, and to one of these thou hast listened. Thou canst thyself tell the word of the Good Spirit from that of false spirits. The Good Spirit speaks to all men who will hear Him the same words, and they are always good. You men of Gabugabuna are filled with fears. There is no rest in your hearts. It is the work of false spirits to fill men's hearts with fears, to threaten violence, and to promote evil. The Great Spirit drives out fear from the hearts of men; He makes men

live at peace with one another; He gives happiness and rest. This then is the great Gift I bring to you from the True Spirit."

The chief sat before us, with his face to the floor of the platform, his brow furrowed into a mass of wrinkles. Nothing that we said to him caused him to alter his position, or led him to make any response. He was perhaps tolerating our interference; but whether we pleaded with him, or whether we refuted his own widespread statements, Tokeriu sat speechless. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory from our standpoint. We were none too sure of the next step we were to take. We had rashly reckoned upon turning this man round by arguments. Our safety, so far as we could see, depended upon our success with him. It was not easy to beat a retreat from our position, with the crowd prepared to fight, and anxious to vent their pent-up spleen upon us. And here was Tokeriu, morose, immovable and dumb. We tried again. We touched upon the vital subject of his interview with the spirit by plying him with quiet questions. Suddenly the prophet's face underwent a change, the dark clouds seemed to pass away, and a look of intelligence filled his eyes. He looked us in the face. Pointing to a high tree rising behind the house he said—

"That is the tree whence the spirit spake to me!"

Tokeriu no sooner found his tongue than he leapt to his feet. Still pointing at the tree, he said in a loud voice—

"There it is! The spirit spoke to me by night, and told me all these things!"

He spoke now so that all the men could hear him. He was not to be bearded by us on his own ground; he would not give us satisfaction for every question we liked to put to him. Who were we to demand explanations? But he would, if we liked,

reiterate the prophecy to his people in our hearing, and we might make the best of it.

He had that black audience with him to a man. There was only our little party there to mar the unanimity. Had our Waga-



"THAT IS THE TREE WHENCE THE SPIRIT SPAKE TO ME."

waga men brought their spears we could never have restrained them now. When it came to the recital of the spirit's orders to destroy the gardens and pigs, our impetuous warrior, our convert of the previous evening, who had lost all his property, would have bowled Tokeriu over where he stood gesticulating on the

platform. Then there would have been a tumultuous uproar: men like fiends let loose to gratify their burning passions, and your Gift Book this year would have had a different title. But "Animal Spirits," as we nicknamed our friend, sat near us as harmless as a babe. He felt injured, but he was defenceless.

Tokeriu gave us all the details of the pending visitation. He told us the conditions of safety; and here again we felt the atmosphere grow stifling.

"Go!" shouted Tokeriu, speaking for the spirit, "Go from thy village on the coast, where thou art in sight and reach of the white man! Go inland, and make a new village where the tidal wave and the white man cannot come near thee."

Our poor skins! Our position was not improving, and Biga wore a worried look on his honest face. I do not believe he was half as concerned for himself as he was for us.

"We must try and get away, master," he whispered anxiously. "Let us divide ourselves into small parties and leave for the coast by different tracks if we can."

Tokeriu finished his harangue and sat down. Walker imme-



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

diately arose. He had his head bared, his voice could only be heard a few feet away from where he stood, and his words were in a language no one there besides myself could understand. They were not addressed to those about him. This was the first public prayer that had ever risen to the Throne of Grace from Gabugabuna. Tokeriu and his people had never before seen the True God acknowledged. How little they understood what we were doing! How little they knew of Him whose protection we sought for ourselves and whose blessing we implored for them! And yet it was He who restrained them that memorable afternoon.

Our work was done. We had failed; but we had done our best. We quickly arranged to form ourselves into two parties, the boat boys being under my care, and the teachers and Wagawaga men under Walker's. We gave the signal to get away to the boat as quietly and speedily as possible. There was a track to the left of the bush-clearing which I was to take, and Walker was to return the way we had come, only he was to avoid the old village on the coast. We were to meet, if possible, at the point where the boat and canoes were moored. I left the platform after Walker and his party had got away, and without knowing how, in the course of a few minutes, I had succeeded in passing through the wild crowd and across the cleared space. As soon as we gained the narrow bush track my boys were inclined to make a run for it, fearing at any point we might be intercepted. No one was less inclined to let the grass grow under his feet than I was; but to be detected fleeing would be certain death, and I restrained my party.

It was with a sense of relief I shall never forget that we broke out at last upon the beach in sight of our boats. I had already divided my boys into four parties; one was to man the

whale boat, and each of the others to take a canoe, and put out a few yards from the beach, and wait, ready for any emergency. I had a strong presentiment that the feat we had accomplished in getting clear of Gabugabuna was something we could not repeat, and that even now it was necessary for us to be on our guard. My great concern was to know what had become of Walker. He had left the village before me. After we had given the order he would lose no time in extricating himself from the crowd, as I had done, and we ought to have arrived at the beach about the same time. My hope had been to find him there awaiting me. One, two, three, five minutes passed in this terrible suspense. The boat and three canoes were each manned as arranged and lay in-shore in case it should be necessary to embark Walker's party in the face of a pursuing enemy. My heart sickened as a great shout filled the air from inland. There was no doubt in my mind my colleague had been overtaken. My boys shared my fears. From the far end of the wide bay armed natives were pouring out of the bush on to the beach, and making with all speed towards us. Whoop after whoop, from inland, indicated very clearly the position of affairs. Our suspense was temporarily allayed, when we saw Biga and some of the Wagawaga natives emerge from the bush and come hurrying laboriously through the soft sand. Others followed, and then, to my unspeakable relief, Walker, with the remainder of his party, rushed out of the thick bush within five hundred yards of where our boats were lying. His pursuers were at his heels. We called and gesticulated to him to come on, but my colleague and his companions needed no incentive to activity. They tore down the beach into the sea, they scrambled into the boat and canoes, and embarked just in time for us to pull off from the shore and get into deep water, before the

men, who had had us at their mercy all the afternoon, arrived upon the scene. They were maddened by the thought that their indecision had lost them their prize, and that they were just too late to repair their foolish mistake.

We were out of danger now and could look complacently upon the infuriated mob which was gathering in numbers every minute, and whose angry voices rose higher and higher as they found we had gone beyond their reach. They shouted to us and dared us to return. They brandished their weapons above their heads in threatening postures. They were almost beside themselves to think that we had openly affronted them, and yet when we had been an easy prey they had let us slip through their fingers. Our own men, the Wagawaga representatives, were greatly enraged. To sit there and hear such language was more than Papuan flesh and blood could stand. "Animal Spirits" jumped up in his canoe, slapped his thigh, and poised his imaginary spear and, "Oh! . . . oh! . . . oh! . . . oh! . . ." he groaned in his revengeful desire.

"Steady, steady! Sit down, sit down!" we said coaxingly, lapsing into English. Biga, who knew enough of our language to understand this, interpreted our counsel rather forcibly by pushing "Animal Spirits" in the back. He collapsed from his defiant attitude, and tumbling into the wobbling canoe, took up his paddle and dug it into the sea as if every wave was a native of Gabugabuna. He never relaxed his efforts until we grounded at Wagawaga. By that time some of his fury had spent itself.

We had evening prayers at Biga's house soon after we landed, and thanked God for the protecting care which had been over His servants, during that long eventful day.

Tokeriu had two years under very unfavourable circumstances in which to reflect upon his prophetic claims and his future course

of conduct. I give you a picture of the poor fellow in leg-irons, taken while he was serving his sentence in the Samarai gaol. Sometime after this episode I revisited Gabugabuna, and made friends with the people. Tokeriu was also on that occasion inland, and could not be seen, but he sent me a message which I had no doubt was sincere, from the way I was treated by his people. We have a Papuan teacher at Gabugabuna now, whom I often visit. I have never seen Tokeriu since the afternoon I have been speaking about, except when I saw him in gaol. About three years ago I went to Gabugabuna, and my teacher took me through the bush for some distance and showed me a large new garden. It was neatly fenced in, and was planted with bananas, taro, yam, and sweet potatoes.

"This," said Ketabu, "is your land and your garden. Tokeriu gives it to you as a present."

I told Ketabu to convey my thanks to Tokeriu, and to tell him, that while I could not accept the land, the food would be very acceptable for my large family at Kwato. "And tell him," I said,



TOKERIU IN SAMARAI GAOL.

"that if he wants to please me next time I come to his village, he can do so by meeting me, forgetting the past, and making friends." That pleasure has not yet been accorded me.

There is very much more I could tell you about the superstitions of the Papuan. I have said enough, however, to let you see how little his superstitions do to help him or to comfort him. Generally, what answers in him to our religion is that which fills his mind with forebodings of evil, and with terrorizing fears. You will bear this in mind, I hope, when some big (but in this respect not wise) man tells you that the heathen are better if they are left to themselves, and that there is no necessity to take the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them, because they are perfectly happy as they are. I tell my converts sometimes that there are people who actually talk like that!



A BELLE.

CHAPTER IX

THE PAPUAN AT HIS WORST

THE Papuan, like many another man who has a better character with the public than he, is really two distinct men mysteriously fused into one personality. To speak of him, as I have done, as reticent and bashful and hospitable, is no more than fair to him. There are times when he strikes you as being of rather a mild temperament; when he even appears to have a kindly and considerate disposition. But there is lying latent in his heart, hidden behind his calm exterior, a capacity for unspeakable cruelty, and an inclination towards the most revolting brutality.

I have endeavoured to be fair in delineating the complex character of the Papuan. However, without a chapter dealing exclusively with the dark side of his nature, and showing him in his ugliest mood, my picture would be incomplete and misleading. He sinks at times, under the stress of temporary and general excitement, to the meanest and most inhuman practices. Occasionally, when unbridled passion seizes and masters him, the man becomes a fiend; and there are then no limits to his barbarity.

There are two great outside forces, working along very different lines, which are gradually bringing the Papuan under restraint. There is the Government, which insists upon the recognition of its laws prohibiting violence; and there is the influence of the Gospel, which is very markedly changing barbarous sentiment. These



"THE MAN BECOMES A FIEND."

two forces are effecting remarkable results wherever they are sufficiently represented; and the key to the ultimate suppression of the worst forms of savagery throughout the length and breadth of this great country is clearly to be found in the extension of Government and mission influence.

The two principal incitements to brutality in the Papuan, are intertribal warfare and cannibalism. He is unrelenting in his revenge, and having no power of discriminating his true enemy he will vent his passion oftener than not upon the innocent.

It is for want of a more appropriate term that I speak of warfare as a Papuan practice. Warfare, as we know it, is something incomprehensible to him. Here and there a man may distinguish himself by personal courage, in

openly attacking his enemy and exposing himself to the risk of being speared; but it is not the Papuan method of fighting. He is an assassin, seldom a warrior. Even when he clubs a white man who is defenceless, he conceals his purpose. The Chinaman, Ah Gim, who was killed eight years ago at Bakara, and whose murder had been arranged before he arrived there; Frenchy,

who was murdered at Orangerie Bay, and other foreigners whom I could mention, who have lost their lives within recent years not far from my station, were all assassinated. In every case the victim was deceived by a show of friendliness, while he was stealthily approached from behind and clubbed.

This is in line with the cowardly methods the Papuan adopts in his warfare. He has no armies. He never ranges a force of men in front of a force of his enemy, and openly fights. I say never: I should rather say that when he does, there is a remarkably small death-roll at the end of the battle.

I landed one day at Vailala, in the Gulf of Papua, to visit the teacher who was stationed at a village on the western bank of the Annie River. There was another village not half a mile away, on the opposite bank. The day before I landed there the two peoples had been at war. I had the greatest difficulty in getting across the river, because no one would ferry me from the west to the east in a canoe. There were good grounds for fear, no doubt. Had two or three men landed amongst their enemies, they would immediately have been caught and killed. So small a minority would have been pounced upon by the whole community. And yet, when the two peoples met and fought the previous day, the result was only five men killed and a dozen or so wounded.

Eleven years ago, soon after I came to New Guinea, during Dauncey's absence at his out-stations, I was living alone at the Mission House at Port Moresby. Immediately below the elevation upon which the mission premises are built is the village of Tano-bada; only a hundred yards or so to the east is the village of Hanuabada. About nine o'clock one evening, the most bewildering hubbub arose on the beach, and in the moonlight I could see from the verandah men and women flying to the scene of action, evi-

dently bent upon bloodshed. As the numbers increased the commotion became more boisterous. I was so new to my work that I did not know exactly what I ought to do. I was considering what course of action I should take when one of the boys came panting up to me, and reported first-hand from the seat of war. It was a terrible affair, according to Noho. Then a messenger arrived. Would I go down? One man had been killed: others were being killed! Now my duty was clear. I had received a few months' training at the London Hospital before I left England, and I ran to my medicine chest and provided myself with sufficient antiseptic lint and strapping to bind the wounds of a defeated and distressed army!

I ran down, with the two boys at my heels, and in a few minutes I was on the outskirts of the fight. The din and clatter of the combatants at close quarters was deafening. The clashing of clubs, and the clamour of the multitude, were enough to send a cold chill to your heart. I was not used to the scenes of active warfare, but I had my duty to discharge. Where was the dead man? He might only be stunned; he was obviously my first concern. I met one of my pupils, and enquired of him. He was so excited he could hardly be brought to reason. But at length, having spoken to him as if he were misbehaving himself in school, I got him to lead the way. He took me along the outskirts of the fight, through one native house, along a platform, and into another. You could get no further unless you fell into the sea. All the village was built over the tideway, and beyond the house where my guide led me was the South Pacific Ocean. It was no use trusting to a child whose brain was turned by excitement, so I addressed myself to a sober-looking man who was sitting on the platform near where I stood.



A GROUP OF LOGEA MEN.

"Where is the dead man?" I asked breathlessly.

"I'm he," he answered dolefully.

He certainly had a nasty scalp wound, which had doubtless knocked him down, but after it was dressed two or three times he came no more for my assistance, and upon enquiry I found he was fit for active service again.

The Papuan squabbles, but he does not often fight. He will not fight when the chances for and against him are equal. Then fear controls him, and his fury spends itself in clamour. His worst passions are not aroused until he sees a chance of gratifying them at little or no risk to his own person. He fights in the dark; he takes a sleeping village by surprise; he makes a few captures and slips away with his stolen prize, and he returns home to gloat over his prey, and then you see him at his worst. If the girls will pardon me the expression, he is what their British brothers would call a sneak.

I have been obliged to introduce this subject into your book, as I say, to convey to you a true portrait of the Papuan. As a savage, it is in his warfare that he would naturally appear in one of his worst moods. Warfare, under any circumstances, and by any people, can only be regarded as a disastrous necessity. However much we may deplore the fact that Christianized nations still find that an appeal to force is sometimes the only method of definitely solving their disputes, we cannot blind our eyes to the truth that some of the noblest heroes of the battlefield have been men of saintly life. Stonewall Jackson, Hedley Vicars, General Gordon, are names which every boy and girl honours, not only because they were brave soldiers, but because they so nobly served Christ in their profession.

A nation reflects its character in its methods of warfare ; and the growth of a people in Christian sentiment may even be gauged by the general conduct of its soldiers on the battlefield. Amongst savages of the lowest types warfare is in its natural arena ; and here we find that the most unrelenting cruelty is part of the business of the bloody conflict. There is no national spirit or patriotic sentiment underlying and redeeming its operation. It resolves itself into personal strife ; it is one man against his fellow who is at a disadvantage ; it is very often nothing better than murder.

I am not sure that savage races could not be classified by the test of their war customs. My personal experience would support this theory, though it is not wide enough to decide the point. The Maori of New Zealand is admitted to be one of the noblest savages upon the face of the earth. In warfare he was a warrior ; and in the conduct of his wars he was often magnanimous towards his enemies. If such a test holds good, I am afraid the Papuan falls to a very low position in the scale of savage peoples.

A few weeks ago I was travelling along the coast of Tavara in my open boat. I had been to a village to enquire into the reported misconduct of some church members, who I was told had been taking part in heathen customs. My informant, Wedeka, the chief of Barabara, was with me. The old man was zealous for the good name of the church. He said he had been himself to remonstrate with his weak brethren, but his mission had been fruitless, so he had asked me if I would accompany him to these people, and try to win them back to right ways. We had finished our work in the early morning and were sailing with a very light breeze to a station five or six miles farther down the coast. I was telling him the news of my trip, and in the course of my

remarks I mentioned Maivara, where I had spent the previous Sunday with my Papuan teacher.

"The last time I went to Maivara," he said, "I went to fight."

"Indeed?" I said, "were the Maivara people your enemies?"

"Only latterly," continued the chief: "we went to avenge the murder of six men of our tribe."

The man, who had taken me a considerable way out of my course in his anxiety to win back to Christ some of his fellow church-members, went on to tell me the story of Barabara's enmity with Maivara.

"I went," he said, "with a party of men in three canoes, to barter with the Maivara people for betel-nuts. We had been there before on a similar expedition, and had been well received. We beached our canoes at Lauiam, and walked up the river towards a village a little distance inland, where we intended to do our business. We had not proceeded far when an alarm was raised, and we turned, not knowing why, and hurriedly retraced our steps. Before we reached the mouth of the river we found ourselves entrapped. The Maivara men, armed with spears, blocked our escape. We flew at once into the thick bush, and made our way as best we could to the beach. To our dismay we found our canoes had been stolen. Defenceless, and without the means of getting away, we rushed again into the bush and sought cover. I got separated from the rest of my party in the bewilderment of my flight, and after nightfall continued to push my way stealthily through the bush so as to gain the mountains. I had a long journey before me, twenty-five miles, and had to keep away from the villages on the coast, as they were all at enmity with my people. I ascended the mountains, and lived

on roots and berries for many days, and pressed on towards home as best I could by night. When I reached Barabara I found four of my companions had preceded me, and as time went on others got back, until at last we knew that six of our party were missing."

As the old chief had been telling his story, I noticed a white speck away out to sea. I had sent one of my boats in to Kwato two days before with food for my large family of children there, and had told the boys to return to meet me that morning at a village some miles farther to the eastward. My unexpected detention in having to visit the backsliding section of my church had kept me back some miles, and I was anxious to attract the attention of the approaching boat, if possible, and get them to alter their course and come in to meet me. My companion, the chief of Barabara, had put on his "Sunday clothes," I presume out of respect to me. These consisted of a woollen singlet and a loin cloth, both of which were of a dazzling scarlet.

"Wedeka!" I said, interrupting him in his story, "I must borrow your shirt."

The sober old man looked up from the bottom of the boat, where he was sitting, and asked me to repeat my remark.

"I want a flag," I said in explanation, "to signal to my boat over there. She is going on to Lilihudi; I want her to recognize us and turn into Bou. Lend me your shirt."

The old man chuckled heartily, and stripped himself of his finery. The boys lowered the peak of the mainsail and we tied Wedeka's scarlet garment by the sleeves to the gaff, hoisted sail again and resumed our journey.

"Then was this the beginning of your enmity with Maivara?" I asked, anxious to hear more of my friend's story.

"Yes," replied Wedeka, "they had treated us well on our former visit, and we counted them our friends."

The boy who was steering my boat was listening attentively to the chief's account of his adventures, and was anxious to hear the sequel. He quietly prompted Wedeka, who might otherwise have stopped short with the recital of Maivara's barbarity. He was not so ready to relate the account of Barabara's revenge. However at length he continued,—

"We waited for some months, and then prepared an expedition to assail our enemies. Four war canoes left Barabara late one afternoon, and going well out to sea to escape the hostile coast which lay between us and Maivara, we steered for the head of the bay. We were favoured with calm weather, and reached the scene of our former disaster in the middle of the night. We landed some distance away from the river, and left two men in each canoe to guard against our retreat being cut off, should we be overpowered and have to flee as before. We crept stealthily through the bush, keeping together until we struck a track which we knew must lead to a village. This we avoided, but creeping cautiously in the direction in which it led, we came at length to an open space in which were four houses."

I must tell you that it is a peculiarity of this part of New Guinea, that while the population of a village like Maivara is close upon two thousand, the people are split up into many small hamlets, which are separated in some cases by only a hundred yards or so of thick bush, and which may only contain from twenty to thirty souls.

"We entirely surrounded this village, having first ascertained where the track led out to the coast. Then we lay in ambush, every man with his spears ready to make the attack at a given

signal. First, however, we sent two men to scout along the track to see what lay between us and our canoes in the event of our having to beat a hasty retreat. Presently they returned. Everything was clear. No time was to be lost, now that we were assured that we outnumbered our immediate enemies, and that an open road lay between us and the sea. If day broke before we



SCENE IN A MAIVARA VILLAGE.

could get away from the place, we might find ourselves outnumbered and overpowered by the neighbouring hamlets; so, as previously arranged, I crept out from the bush, and taking aim, sent a spear crashing through the nearest house. The missile had hardly struck home when the inmates gave a loud shriek. They were all awake, and evidently suspected an attack. It was a dark overcast night, so that we could not see clearly what was

before us. The alarm, however, was the signal for our party to close in and be ready to spear or capture any one endeavouring to escape, as it was for the occupants of the four houses to leap to the ground, and rush into the bush in the hope of evading us. For a short while there was a great commotion. We yelled incessantly to convey the idea of great numbers, and our enemies, some of whom were women and children, shrieked in their terrified flight.

"The onslaught was soon over, and we hurried back to the canoes as fast as we could run, for fear of being attacked by the surrounding villages, which had all been awakened and all of which would know that it was Barabara who had come to pay off the old score. We carried with us two prisoners, a man of middle age, who had been speared through the thigh, and a young woman, who had been captured unhurt. We had great difficulty in getting them away, and for some distance, since they would not run, we took them by the arms and hair and dragged them along the ground. At length we reached the beach, where the canoes were waiting for us. We threw the man and woman on one of the broad platforms, pushed out from the shore, took our places, and paddled out to sea a short way. When we were at a safe distance we stopped. We tied our prisoners by the hands and feet as they lay trembling with exhaustion and fear. We took out our *tobos*, our *dum* and *poahu*, and carefully painted our faces. We teased out our hair, and fixed in our head-ornaments. We brought out our drums, and as we waited for the day to break we beat them, and chanted our songs of triumph. When day dawned, crowds of armed men lined the beach, and mad with rage they hurled their spears at us; but they fell far short of our canoes.

Women were there, relations of the captives, wailing and wringing their hands frantically in their distress, as they paced up and down the beach. We beat the drums again, and sang to their derision. We stood up and danced in our glee. We forced our prisoners to stand up, by holding them in position,

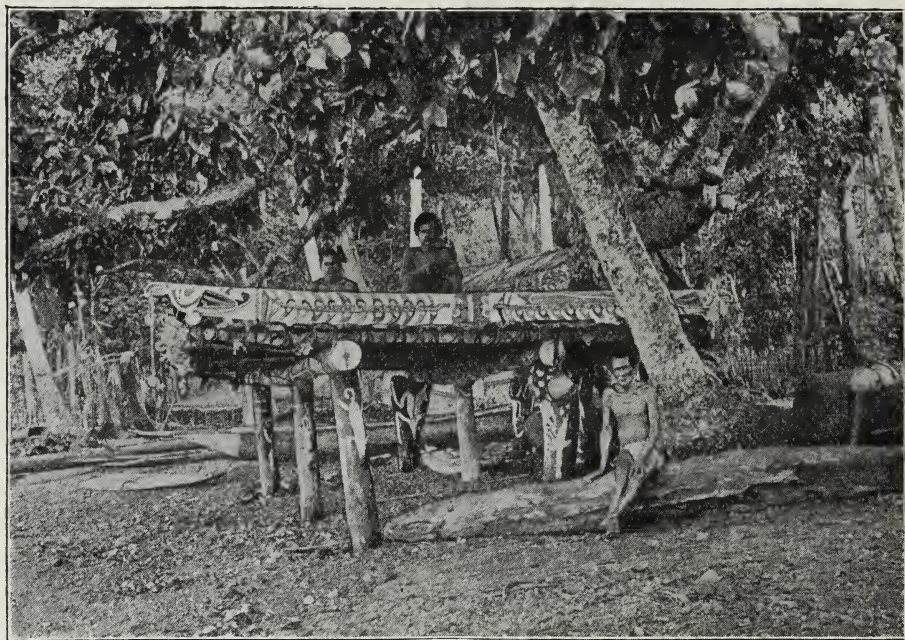


A GROUP OF GWAVILI MEN.

and gesticulated to their friends, to indicate that by and by we should eat them. We shouted insult upon insult to the shore. Then with a long, sustained yell, we took our places, turned the canoes away from Maivara, and paddled home."

I did not extract this account of Wedeka's last visit to Maivara in the form in which I have told it to you. I had to ply my friend with many questions before he would disclose

facts of which he is now ashamed. He told me more than once that those were the days of his ignorance, and he feared, I think, lest I should confuse his participation in this barbarous onslaught with the new life he was now living.



A CARVED PLATFORM AT BARABARA.

"We were very bad in those days," he would constantly profess, "we were very, very bad."

We were interrupted by the wind falling so light that we had to down sail and put out the oars, and the chief took the tiller to let the coxswain go forward and lend a hand. Presently a light wind came out of the south-east, so we shipped our oars, hoisted sail again, and Wedeka being relieved he returned

to his old place in the bottom of the boat, where the sail afforded him some protection from the hot morning sun.

"Well, chief," I said at length, "go on with the account of your quarrel with Maivara. Now you have told me so much I may as well hear it all."

"That was all," replied Wedeka; "I told you everything."

"But," I asked, "what became of your prisoners? What kind of reception did you get when you returned to Barabara?"

I had carefully studied the customs of these people, in order to understand thoroughly the influences which were at work in the minds of the men and women I had come to help, and I could have told Wedeka the rest of the story myself; but I wanted to use him now to corroborate what I had already learned. He was still very reticent upon some points, and it was only by prompting him with questions that I got from him the following details.

"We were so tired after the strain of our long and exciting night's work," he said, "that we did not reach Barabara until the sun was sinking behind the mountains. We had had no rest since the previous day, except that on the way back we took it in turns to sleep for a short while. As we drew near Barabara we were revived by the thought of meeting our friends again, and handing over to them the prizes of our expedition. When we hove in sight of the village we stopped, and very carefully decorated ourselves. We fixed our ornaments in our armlets and in our hair, we painted our faces again, and then we went on. We were not far from Dadue and Harowani. Barabara lay a little beyond. We blew two long blasts upon the *bogigi*, which we kept repeating. This was the signal to the villages we were approaching that we

had triumphed, and that we bore home two prisoners. We could see the people hurrying along the beach towards the point where we were to land. A large crowd of our friends had congregated there, and our conch-shell was responded to by the loud beating of their drums. Barabara had begun to prepare for the coming festivities.

"When we came within a few canoe lengths of the beach we stopped paddling. We took up our drums and beat them lustily. We had taken our revenge; beside us lay the spoil. Our friends called to us loudly, praising our valour, and cried out wildly in their eagerness to lay their hands on our captives.

"'Are they dead?' came a shout from the shore.

"Our reply was the signal for renewed drumming and great rejoicing.

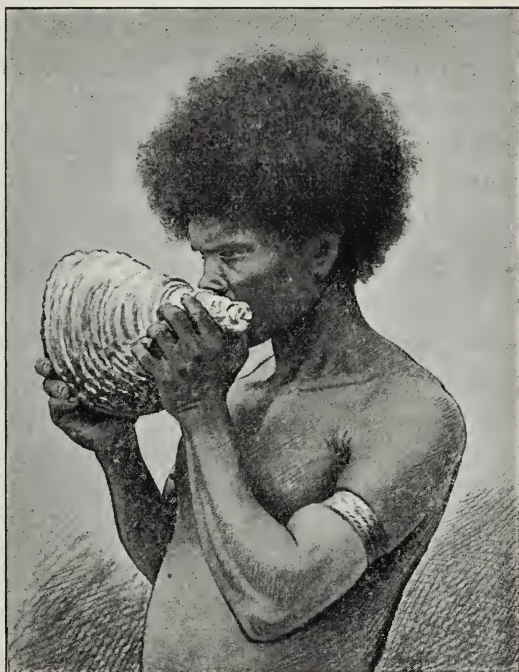
"We took our paddles again and brought the canoes inshore, keeping the platforms towards the beach. Twenty or thirty men armed with spears, and yelling madly, rushed into the shallow water. Very carefully they poised the bodies on the points of their weapons, and in this way carried them ashore, taking care not to touch them with their hands, as this liberty was the right only of those whose relations had been killed on the former expedition. As soon as the bodies were thrown upon the sand these people rushed forward, and roughly dragged them up the beach to the centre of the village. By this time the place was all astir. People from friendly and neighbouring villages were arriving in large numbers. Food had been hastily collected, and fires lit, and the feast was already under preparation. We tied our victims to the trunks of two trees, compelling them to sit up and witness our festivity, while we danced and disported ourselves before them. Maddened women, whose

husbands or sons had been killed and eaten at Maivara, and whose losses were yet fresh in their minds, approached the bound man and woman, torturing them, and shrieked their curses at them.

"Then we untied them, and slung them on poles by the hands and feet. We set fire to a heap of dried cocoanut leaves, and roasted our victims alive.

"All that night, and for many succeeding nights, Barabara was given up to feasting and gaiety. Drumming and dancing went on continuously from sundown to sunrise. Long after our prisoners were eaten, we rejoiced in that we had triumphed over the people of Maivara."

This then is the Papuan at his worst. I have not been able to tell you all that Wedeka said to me. There are practices connected with the Papuan's treatment of his enemies which I could not relate here. My reason for telling you as much as I have done of his terrible cruelty and inhumanity, is that you could otherwise have only an imperfect idea of the man I am



BLOWING THE CONCH-SHELL.

writing about. After you have seen the change of heart in Wedeka, you will not need to be told that these savages can be brought to Christ, and His power can restore them, as it did the demoniac at Gadara, to their right minds.

Within the past few weeks the terrible news has reached you that Tamate and his young, earnest colleague, Tomkins, have fallen into the hands of savage men. The day will come, perhaps in only a few years from now, when some of the participators in that massacre will sincerely repent of their action; when the prevailing sentiment of those wild men who took the lives of God's messengers will have changed, as it has changed in other parts of the country; and when there will be good men like Wedeka at Goaribari.

Does this seem improbable to you? Only yesterday my native church was filled to overflowing. It was not an ordinary Sunday service. The rostrum was draped in black, and the large congregation met with every evidence of grief. What was the solemn service? Oh! boys and girls, if you could have stood beside me and faced that serious congregation, if you could have heard and understood Dilomi's and Lebasi's addresses and witnessed the stillness of that audience when choking emotion almost stifled the speaker's words, if you could have seen heads bowed in sorrow for the loss of an old friend, and could have realized that only a few years ago some of these very men had themselves evil designs on Tamate's life, you would understand what I mean, and how sincerely I mean it, when I say *Goaribari will some day repent*.

CHAPTER X

THE PAPUAN AND THE PIONEER

WHEN I sat down, three months ago, and planned the contents of your gift book, I did not include a chapter dealing exclusively with the work of the pioneer. Recent events have, unfortunately, suggested the appropriateness of such a subject. Within the past few weeks the supporters of our Society have received the startling and distressing news that "Tamate"¹ and his young colleague Tomkins have met with a violent death at the hands of savages. When the report of this massacre first reached us at Kwato it was unconfirmed. The rumour was too serious not to be treated with the greatest concern, but until it was substantiated we felt that there was hope in its very improbability. It seemed to us that anybody but Tamate might meet with a violent death; but he might be trusted to extricate himself from the most hazardous situation. The news must follow, we felt, that Tamate had escaped, if only with his bare life, as he had so often done before. He seemed to live a charmed life. He used to say himself that he believed in a special Providence which stood by him in times of great danger, and which kept men's hands from doing the bidding of their murderous wills. He would believe also, that the same Providence required that he should lay down his life

¹ "Tamate" was the native name of the late James Chalmers, who was murdered by cannibals on April 8, 1901, on Goaribari Island.

just as and where he did, when his long active service here was finished.

Tamate was essentially the pioneer missionary of New Guinea. He served God nobly in his adventurous, daring life, and those of



OLIVER F. TOMKINS.

us who knew him best are assured that he would count it a still greater honour to serve God nobly in his tragic death. We are not the poorer, but the richer by this sacrifice. The Master who preserved Tamate a hundred times from imminent danger, did not

forsake him at Goaribari. His death, even more than his life, will inspire men yet unborn to noble deeds and self-sacrificing lives; and when this dark land emerges from its savagery and heathenism, and from east to west the light dawns in men's hearts, history will repeat itself, and the blood of this veteran martyr and his devoted young colleague, will be the seed of a new and faithful church.

I remember, some years ago, spending an evening at Suau, in the Daui district, where Tamate passed a night and a day as a prisoner, and where the destruction of his life was only postponed from hour to hour because of a wrangle amongst the people as to who had the right to kill him and claim his body as a prize. I was speaking to a group of men in the little mission house there, two of whom had been prominent actors on the occasion of Tamate's detention. They had of course the most vivid recollection of every incident of that night's stirring episode. They were able to tell me of the conflicting passions which swayed their minds; they described the excitement which the capture and incarceration of this strange white man caused in the vicinity of their village, and they told me how their friends from the other side of the island and across the narrow strait on the mainland came in their canoes to participate in the sensation, and to share in the spoils of bloodshed; they were able now to rejoice in the fact that, through a local dispute, the life of the man who afterwards became their friend was saved. They were cannibals at Suau at that time; but the practice was abandoned at this village before Tamate left the east end to join Dr. Lawes at Port Moresby. It was on another occasion when I was speaking to Manurewa, the chief of Suau, that the subject of cannibalism came under discussion.

"What led you," I asked, "to give up this practice?"

Manurewa straightened himself up, clenched his hands, and his usually calm face wore a stern, determined expression: he was evidently unconsciously remembering a scene of bygone days, and in his mind there was the figure of a man to whom command came natural.



"SUAU . . . WHERE TAMATE PASSED A NIGHT AND A DAY AS PRISONER."

"Tamate!" he said; and with a gesture of insistence he continued, "Tamate said, 'You must give up cannibalism': and we did."

I had one opportunity myself of witnessing this great pioneer at his specific work. My wife and I were returning to New Guinea from Cooktown, in North Queensland. We wanted to get to Kwato,

but there was no vessel going in that direction for some weeks. We heard that a trading ship had left Thursday Island bound for our part of the country, calling on her way at several places on the New Guinea coast. The Governor's steam yacht was leaving Cooktown just at this time for Port Moresby, and we calculated that we might intercept the trading vessel there, if we could secure a passage in the Government yacht. There was no difficulty in arranging this, and in three days we entered Port Moresby harbour, anxious to learn if the vessel which was to take us to the eastward had left before our arrival. An officer came off to us as soon as we had dropped anchor, and enquired of the captain for the ship's bill of health. As there had been a case of infectious disease in Cooktown when we left, we were obliged to submit to quarantine, and to our dismay we saw the yellow jack hoisted at the foremast of the yacht, and knew we should not be allowed to leave the vessel. Sir William Macgregor, who was Governor of New Guinea at the time, was exploring a river in the Gulf of Papua, and we were still further dismayed to find that the yacht was ordered at once to the west to join him there. We sailed the following morning in the opposite direction to that in which we wanted to go, and ultimately anchored about two miles off the Purari River.

We were then within thirty miles of the scene of the recent massacre. The yellow jack was still flying from the masthead, but a boat was lowered, and an officer sent to interview the Governor, and if possible to get him to grant the vessel pratique. In a couple of hours or so the boat returned, and five seconds later to our relief the ominous jack was lowered and was rolled up and stowed away in the flag locker. The officer who had been ashore brought me a note written in pencil. I opened it, and to my surprise and delight found that it was from Tamate. He told me he

was at the mouth of the river with his steam launch *Miro*. It was an ill-wind, he reminded me, which served no one, and he would be off to see me and to make my wife's acquaintance later in the day. He concluded his note by saying that he had something important to suggest to me. By and by the little launch steamed out of the river, and in half an hour Tamate was with us. He was in the highest spirits. Tamate's temperament was not always hilarious. There were times when he was uncommunicative, and almost inaccessible. His seriousness on Sundays was very marked; and he spent these times with his own reflections. His prevailing disposition was in striking contrast to these periodically pensive moods. Then grey hairs seemed inappropriate, and his buoyant spirits unfailing. We of a later generation could never picture him an old man. We have often asked each other, "How will Tamate resign himself to old age?" He even broached the subject himself once, and remarked in our hearing that the prospect of superannuation was one he could never bear to dwell upon. His youth was perennial.

As I say, he came on board the steam yacht in the highest spirits. It was not long before he took me aside, and opened up the subject to which he had alluded in his note.

He had learnt from the Governor that the steamer would be detained at her present anchorage for ten days. We might chafe, he said, at our misfortune, but it was better for us to accept our position philosophically and make the best of it. Here was a splendid opportunity for a trip up the Aivai river together. There was a big, influential tribe somewhere up there he wanted to visit. They had never seen a white man yet; and I might spend the time of my enforced leisure to good purpose, if we went and opened the way to future intercourse with these savages.

He put the idea before me with the air of a schoolboy who has an unexpected holiday in prospect ; but I do Tamate an injustice unless I add that his jubilant spirits were the outcome of no mere



TAMATE.

love of excitement and adventure, though this was always strong in him, but of a deep and earnest conviction that he was engaging in a glorious enterprise for Christ.

Tamate's face wore an expression of disappointment, when,

after telling him how delighted I should be to join him, I went on to say that I might be something like the man in the parable, and have to excuse myself on the grounds of my recent marriage. I left him on deck to go and seek my wife, and get her permission for me to leave her alone on board for a day or two.

My wife put the matter in an entirely new light; and I had to return to Tamate with a suggestion I was doubtful whether he would agree to.

"If," said my wife, "I may accompany you, certainly you may go."

Tamate received this intimation in silence. Then he shook his head gravely. At last he said:

"It's very rough work you know for a woman—we may get into serious trouble—it's hardly the place to take a young lady, is it?"

Then his face underwent a sudden change. "Come along," said he, quite carried away by a new idea; "splendid! splendid! We'll make it the white woman's peace. Bravo!" And he praised my wife for the stand she had taken.

By nine o'clock the following morning we were steaming up the Aivai River in the *Miro*. There was something strange in the thought that we were the first civilized people to navigate that rapid stream. This was the atmosphere in which Tamate had lived, on and off, for years; but he seemed to find as much enjoyment in it that morning as if it was a novelty. There was nothing to be seen, mile after mile, but the dead level of the mangroves, and the alternating thick bush which lined the banks on either side. We had only a very imperfect idea of the distance we had to go. Iala, the village we were presently to take by surprise, was known to only one man in our party. Iko was to introduce us to this new

tribe. He was very emphatic in all his answers to the many questions with which we plied him, as to the distance we had yet to travel. He measured his miles along the joints of his forefinger. Tamate always addressed him through an interpreter. Tamate spoke in Motuan to old Vabure, and Vabure passed his remark on in another dialect to Iko. Then Iko's forefinger was usually brought into requisition, and though we were doubtful to begin with whether the full length of this indispensable digit represented ten, or twenty, or fifty miles, it was a source of satisfaction to us to find that after midday we were approaching Iko's claw-like nail.

Tamate always had a retinue of old men with him on his travels. They were not necessarily men who had been chosen to accompany him because of their Christian character. They were oftener, I think, men who of their own accord attached themselves to him. Vabure, though his sympathies were with the Mission, was not a strong man; but Tamate fascinated him. It was amusing to witness Tamate's occasional banter with his shifty-eyed admirer. Vabure's ecstasy was unbounded when his master would stand up in front of him, and addressing him sternly in English—a language no word of which he understood—would tell him what a rare rascal he was, and how seriously his presence compromised the Mission. "You old humbug, you!" Tamate would say in conclusion; and Vabure's cup of joy would be full.

About three o'clock, after we had been steaming for six hours, Iko had reached the middle of his nail; and as we turned each successive bend in the river, we looked expectantly ahead for any sign of Iala. Our position was growing more and more exciting every minute. Somewhere, a little ahead of us, a large savage community were engaged in their ordinary daily occupations, of

whatsoever sort they were, in utter ignorance of our approach. What a day to be remembered by them this was to be, when for the first time they were to see people with white skins, and when their first introduction to civilization was to be the sudden approach of our steam launch!

At length we turned a sharp bend in the river, and a long straight reach lay before us. Iko ejaculated something which arrested our attention. There was no doubt as to his meaning. We peered ahead, and there, in the far distance, were the clustered houses of Iala, on both banks of the narrow river.

"Slow!" shouted Tamate to the West-Indian in charge of the engine.

The *Miro* slackened speed, and for some time only just managed to stem the swift current.

"It will be a bit of a shock to them," said Tamate, "to see this thing. We'll give them time to collect their scattered wits."

A little later the order was given to go full speed ahead; and as we lessened the distance between us and our startled friends, we could see through our glasses the commotion we were causing amongst them. Men were rushing about in frantic excitement, while canoes were hurriedly crossing and recrossing the river in the wildest bewilderment. It was much like the agitation you have noticed when you have trodden unconsciously upon an ant-hill.

"Go slow!" Tamate ordered again; and the engines were slowed down a second time.

"It will never do," said Tamate, "to drop amongst them while they are in that state. They'll settle down presently."

He looked up to the narrow strip of sky between the thickly timbered banks of the river.

"We've a good two hours' daylight yet," he said. "There's plenty of time."

I have watched the Motumotu whaleboat coxswain waiting patiently off the shore for an opportunity to get through the pounding surf, and land his boat on the beach in safety. The man's experienced eye would scan the water seaward, while he held his crew with their long oars in readiness to pull hard as soon as he should give the order. Presently he would detect some slight abatement amongst the surging billows, and this would be his opportunity. The order given, the six oars would bend to their work, and the boat would fly towards the beach. She would get amongst the breakers. One would catch her astern and lift her bodily, and breaking and boiling along her sides would land her home in a sea of seething foam. The breaker before it, or the breaker after it, would have swamped the boat.

Tamate had this rare faculty of opportuneness. He knew how to wait for the favourable moment. He knew exactly when to act, and what is quite as essential in the pioneer, he knew precisely when to finish his work for the time being, and get away.

The commotion having subsided to some extent, Tamate ordered the engines ahead once more ; and we crept slowly up the river, and drew nearer and nearer to Iala. We came up to the first houses, and then passed along between the villages on both sides of us until we reached the heart of this strange community. Hundreds of men stood on either bank as silent and motionless as the trees of the primeval forest around them. They had hauled their canoes partly up the river-bank, but ready to be launched at a moment's notice ; and they stood erect in rows along the bottoms of their boats. There was not a woman or a child to be seen in all that dense crowd. These were the fighting-men of Iala ; and they were prepared,

dumbfounded as they were, to defend themselves against an attack from gods, or devils, or men, or whatever it might be that was invading them.

Iko took up a position in the bows of the *Miro*. Tamate stood a few feet away from him. Neither of them spoke, as we slowly came to our anchorage, and then stopped, and dropped the kedge overboard. Not a sound reached us from the hundreds of men who surrounded us. As soon as the West-Indian engineer heard the anchor chain pay-out, he took upon himself to express his jubilant feelings by blowing the steam-whistle. A trifling mistake of this kind might have cost us our lives. No sooner had the sharp shriek been given than a spontaneous buzz arose, and every man was armed and ready to discharge his arrow at us. Before this we had seen no weapons. They had carefully hidden their long bows down their bodies on the side turned away from us, and their arrows were in their feet. When the whistle blew, without stooping they lifted the arrows between their toes, and like a flash they had fixed them, and taking up a defiant attitude, were holding their bows taut, and taking aim at our exposed and defenceless position.

The old man Iko mounted the low bulwark, and shouted a word at the top of his voice. That word reached every ear in Iala. He paused a moment, and shouted the same word again. "Peace! Peace!"

Then he called again, "Pouta!" This was the name of the chief of the savages who held us at their mercy. After a brief silence a voice answered from the eastern bank of the river; and with the precision of a trained army the men took up their former attitude, and not a weapon was to be seen. A brisk conversation followed between Iko and his friend Pouta, Tamate prompting the sentiments through his interpreter. We had no means of getting ashore, as we

had left our dinghey at the mouth of the river. After considerable hesitation a canoe was launched, and slowly approached the *Miro*. As it came towards us Tamate left his position forward and joined us amidships. To say he was not anxious would be misleading. He saw the imminent danger we were in, but he was calm and self-possessed, and perfectly master of the situation. This was his particular forte. He relaxed for a few moments, and standing beside my wife, congratulated her on her composure.

"You see," he said, "you have the distinction of being the only woman here. Nothing will give these savages greater confidence in us than your presence."

The canoe came alongside, and we all got in and pushed off, and were soon being paddled to the landing place, where the crowd was densest. We grounded; and Tamate, who was in the fore end of the canoe, stepped out. Iko followed him and led him to Pouta. Tamate embraced him heartily.

Pouta took up a prominent position, and for two minutes harangued his men at the top of his voice. Then he returned to where we were standing. What he said, none of us knew; but the effect of his short oration was to be seen in the fact that no man moved from his position. Where we stood we were completely encircled by a multitude of bewildered men. Their faces were almost expressionless with emotion. They stood spell-bound, as they gazed upon the strange apparition of our presence.

Tamate got to work at once. He addressed Pouta and his men through Vabure and Iko. He told them we had sought them out in order that we might become their friends. We came unharmed. We brought with us a woman. They were not to suppose we were enemies because we were strangers. We had great things to tell them, of which they were ignorant. Some day we would come

again, and stay with them, and tell them our message. At Tamate's suggestion Iko, closing his eyes, offered a short prayer to God. "God of all mercy, save this people"; that must have been the prayer Tamate put into Iko's mouth.

The short prayer finished, Tamate said to me:—

"Now, Abel, we must get aboard as quickly as we can. Ten minutes of this strain is as much as these people can stand. My plan for a first visit," he continued, "is to arrive, make friends, and get away again before the people realize what has happened. Everything depends now upon our dispatch. After we are gone they can think calmly about us; and next time we come we shall come amongst friends."

We got into the canoe again and were paddled to the *Miro*. A minute after we reached the launch the anchor was weighed. With some difficulty the *Miro* swung round; the engines were started; and with the full sweep of the strong current with us, we were soon past the silent men who lined the banks; Iala was behind us; and our work for Christ that day was done.

Tamate's power over savages was partly a personal thing. To attempt to describe it would be to describe the man. It was in his presence, his carriage, his eye, his voice. Ask your parents who have seen Tamate in England, and have heard him speak, and they will tell you what I mean. It was not only wild men whom he fascinated. There was something almost hypnotic about him, and his subjects might be savages, or they might be saints. "Tamate said we must give up cannibalism . . . and we did." There is a short biography of the pioneer in old Manurewa's words. Then again, his judgment, largely the result of wide experience in critical situations, was unerring. He saw evil brooding where an inex-

perienced eye would have seen nothing to fear; he was equally certain everything was satisfactory, when a novice would have suspected danger.

His fearlessness must have been a great factor of success in his hazardous work. He disarmed men by boldly going amongst them unarmed. Even savages must think twice before they strike a man who is not only defenceless, but unconcerned in the presence of poised spears. Run away, and they will hunt you: tremble before them, and they will quickly justify your fears and torture you: but face them—if you can—as if their weapons were toys and they your friends, and whatever thoughts were in their minds they will withhold the deed; and in postponing their violence you are saved.

Tamate was not only fearless, but as a pioneer he was also perfectly cool. These characteristics do not always go hand in hand; though both are essential to success in such unique work as Tamate's. It was a surprise to me to find that he possessed this quality, because under ordinary circumstances he was often impetuous and excitable. His perfect composure, as well as his judgment, and tact, and fearlessness, humanly speaking, saved our party from disaster at Iala, as this rare combination of qualities must have brought him through a hundred difficulties of a like kind, during his long service for Christ in this country.

CHAPTER XI

THE PAPUAN AND THE L.M.S.

I CAN quite imagine that many of you boys and girls after you have read about the strange, wild habits of the Papuan, will want to ask the question, How does a missionary set about to reach these people with the message of Jesus Christ? You know already something about his methods of work. You have just read of him as a pioneer, facing savages who have never seen a white man before. You have seen him in a very tight corner, with men who resent his interference in their practices. You have seen him sailing down the coast in his whaleboat, or in a native canoe, and sometimes camping with the natives in their huts. But you will still wonder how he proceeds after he has first made friends with the Papuan, and what steps he takes to approach his strange acquaintance with something so entirely new to him and his way of thinking as the Gospel of Christ.

As you know, the society which you support, and which we are proud to represent, is a very great organization. Through the liberality of the Christian people in Great Britain and in the colonies, and through your help in collecting for the mission ships every year, it is possible for us to do our work on a large scale. The Society has certain methods of work, which I will briefly explain to you. First of all, a country like New Guinea is

divided up into **DISTRICTS**. We have twelve districts stretching along the south coast of this great island ; and over each of these a missionary presides.

Our districts are so widely separated, in most cases, that we know very little of each other's work. It would almost be as easy for me to communicate with you in England as it would for me to send a letter to some of my colleagues. One of them once visited me at Kwato on the occasion of a committee meeting. He stayed here four days, and went as straight back to his own district as possible. He wrote to me some months later to say that the journey had occupied two months, and I need never expect him to visit me again ! I wrote and told him that, under the circumstances, I hoped he would release me from any obligation I might be under to return his call. It is because our districts are so wide apart, and because our conditions of work are often so different, that I have been obliged to confine myself, almost exclusively, to the Papuan as I know him intimately.

With reference to my own district, at the eastern extremity of New Guinea, when first I came here it was necessary, to begin with, to find some convenient place where I could settle down and live. I could not always be travelling about in a boat or a native canoe. I must have some fixed centre. I must build a church some day, and a school, and a store. Then again, it was necessary for my work's sake that I should make some one spot my place of abode, and work my whole district from it. I could then influence the people about me, and could educate boys and girls whom I might get to come and live with me. This centre we call our **HEAD-STATION**.

So you see every **DISTRICT** has a **HEAD-STATION**, where the missionary lives, to which his letters are posted, and his food

supplies and teachers' stores are sent from London, and from which he conducts his work.

Then the missionary turns his attention to the long coastline which his district includes. As I say, he cannot always be travelling from place to place, but while he lives and works at his head-station he is unable to attend to the people living long distances away from him and his district. So he avails himself of the offers of the little South Sea Island churches, and the Society allows him to have converts from Rarotonga, and Samoa, and Niué, to assist him. These good men and women he settles wherever a large community of natives is to be found, and they, in their turn, build their houses and churches, and live amongst the people to whom God has sent them. They hold schools for the children, and quickly acquire the language of the people. They have morning and evening prayers, and on Sundays hold services, when the Gospel of Christ is proclaimed. These little Christian settlements, dotted about the dark coastline, are what we call our **OUT-STATIONS**.

My own head-station is at Kwato, a small island near the mainland, and almost surrounded by other islands. I have in my district fourteen out-stations. Seven of these are presided over by Samoan teachers; five are in the hands of Papuan converts who have been trained at our head-stations for teachers; and besides these I have several evangelists, all of them Papuans, who are doing their best to let the little light they have shine amongst their heathen countrymen.

This then is our method of reaching the Papuan with God's great Message. I shall find occasion later on to speak to you about the work done on my head-station, at Kwato. I want here to say something to you about my Samoan teachers. I want you

to see how noble the descendants of savages have become under the influence of Jesus Christ. Within the lifetime of many people living today, the Samoans had never heard the Gospel; and the grandfathers of the men and women who help us so faithfully in our work were very little, if indeed any, better than the savages of New Guinea of whom you have been reading. Their nobility of



KWATO.

character and self-sacrificing lives are the result of our Society's work in the South Sea Islands. If you want a reply to any one who scoffs at Missions, you can point, if you like, to my teachers. What but the power of Jesus Christ could have made them what they are? What but love to Him would induce them to come here and willingly lay down their lives?

The Samoan is of course a dark-skinned man himself; though he would not like to hear me tell you this, because he is very sensitive on the subject of his colour. He is a shade lighter than the Papuan, who is a good healthy bronze, with a glowing tinge beneath the skin which is quite redeeming; the Samoan is bilious by comparison. But he prides himself on this nearer approach to the white skin, and thinks, in his vanity, he is really fairer than he is. This, however, is one of his weak points; he has many strong ones to balance his peccadilloes. If he only knew it, the fact of his having a dusky skin is all in his favour as a missionary in New Guinea. It is a point of contact he could make good capital out of in his work amongst a dark-skinned people. We are so far removed from the Papuan with our white skins and our civilized ways. He is too apt to think we are so different from himself, that what may be good for us is something to which he cannot attain. There are so few visible points of contact between us. The food we eat, and the way in which we eat it, the houses we live in, the clothes we wear—do you not see how all this may make the Papuan feel we are other-world people? But the Samoan, with his dark skin, with his native-built house, with his similar diet, with his habit of eating, as the Papuan does, with his fingers off the floor, is in a far better position to get near to the hearts of the people about him. We may tell them our ancestors were heathen, and wore skins, and painted their bodies with woad; but it is a far cry from the ancient ceremonies of Stonehenge. My teacher can say, 'My father's father was like you in appearance, and in thought; the Gospel has done this and that for me, for which I thank God; it will do the same for you, if you will receive it.' And his appeal to them to accept his newly-found God will come with very great force.

Although I have only seven out-stations in the hands of Samoan teachers, and all of these, with one exception, have been formed during the past ten years, I have lost no fewer than eight consecrated men and women within that period. I want you to take special notice of these facts. This malarial climate is terribly fatal to our South Sea Island teachers. It has been one of my most painful duties to write from time to time to Samoa, as my colleagues have died, and while conveying the sad news to their friends through the missionaries there, to ask that without delay others might be sent to take their vacant places. There has always been a ready response to these appeals; and notwithstanding the fact that so many have died, all my stations are fully manned today.

In nearly every case, these deaths have resulted from fever. Three of this little band, who came to work for Christ and found God had more use for them in death than in service and life, succumbed to their first attack of malaria, only spending a few weeks amongst us. The rest were able to withstand this scourge for from two to six years, and after a term of faithful service were called away from the honourable position they occupied.

"What is this malignant fever," you will ask, "which is so fatal to these strong men and women?"

It may be easier for you to ask such a question than it is for me to give a satisfactory reply. A scientific answer would only confuse you, and I shall not attempt it. The popular idea is that New Guinea malaria is a poison, or germ, which gets into the system, and which at certain favourable periods develops into acute stages which have very clearly defined symptoms. Often without more than a few minutes' warning the patient is seized with a fit of shivering. This is what we call the first, or cold, stage of malaria. It may be nothing more than a feeling of extreme cold,

or it may shake you to such an extent that you can hardly hold anything in your hands. As soon as this stage subsides, being aided by wrapping the body in blankets, the hot or fever stage sets in, and the temperature steadily rises until very often the patient finds it difficult to breathe. The fever is frequently attended with severe vomiting, and in bad or fatal cases it becomes impossible to reduce the temperature. I had a strong young Niué woman here some years ago, who was taken ill suddenly with a shivering fit, after prayers one Sunday morning. We had no difficulty here ; but the subsequent fever was of such terrible severity, that at nine o'clock that same evening she breathed her last. As a rule, however, death is not immediate. Usually with the aid of medicine, the fever is reduced ; and then the most objectionable stage of profuse perspiration begins, and continues long after the temperature is normal. The patient gets up from a single attack of this kind with the most depressed spirits, and with an indescribable feeling of utter prostration. There is no sickness that I know of which reduces the system as speedily as malarial fever. The prostration which follows an attack is hardly relieved when the dreaded shivers may suddenly return, and the whole process has to be faced again. There is generally a definite period between the attacks. Sometimes it is only a day ; sometimes it is two days ; and I have known many cases where it has regularly returned every fortnight. Malarial fever has many complications. Most of our teachers, while they are able to shake off the fever as it recurs, are left permanently weakened in constitution.

I have purposely gone into this subject rather fully, because I want you to see that it is no light thing for the Samoan, and Rarotongan and Niuéan churches to meet this great demand upon their members. We are always appealing to them, and they have never

once refused to give us their indispensable assistance ; and they come in the face of the facts I have given you.

You will see from what I have said of the prevalence of fever amongst us that our work suffers from continual and often very serious interruption. We have our times of great encouragement, our seasons of immunity from sickness, our periods of hard and successful work ; and we learn to make the most of them.

I ought while speaking about the climate of New Guinea, and the terrible effects of malaria upon our teachers, to point out that, bad as fever is, it is not so virulent a disease as might be supposed from the serious death-rate I have had to report amongst my Samoan colleagues. I have been laid aside myself for sixteen days during the past two and a half months with this plague, so I am not in the mood to give it a better character than it deserves. If the slightest liberty is taken in a country like this, you must be prepared to pay the penalty, and this is a fact which three-fourths of the Europeans even who come here do not recognize until it is too late. My Samoan teachers will, I fear, never realize this. I have done my best to warn them, but it seems hopeless. A man will get over his fever and walk out into the rain, and come back to the house and sit down and let his damp clothes dry on him. Or he will feel the heat of his house oppressive, where he is holding school, and stripping off the greater part of his clothing, he will go and sit for half an hour on his verandah in the teeth of a strong wind.

I had one of our teachers very ill with fever a month or so ago. We despaired of his life ; but he gradually returned to consciousness, and in the course of time was able to sit up. He was very weak, and one afternoon he sent for me. He was a recent arrival

in the country and was frightened. Although his fever had finished and he was recovering, he was in such a weak condition that he thought he was much worse than he really was. I went down to the house where he was living, and found him, his clothes wet with perspiration, sitting on a seat in front of a window which was open some six inches, with his back exposed to a cutting wind—the south-east monsoon blowing straight upon the side of the house where he was “cooling himself.” There were four of his countrymen in the room, and not one of them saw the folly of his action.

Good men as these teachers are, they are like helpless children when it comes to looking after themselves; and until they are thoroughly taught in childhood and youth the rudiments of hygiene, we shall, I fear, have to report that fever, often induced by carelessness, is terribly fatal amongst them.

At some of the out-stations in charge of these teachers, the change in the condition and conduct of the people during the past ten years has been very remarkable. At Bou we had great difficulties in beginning our work. The people did not want a teacher, and they frankly told us so. When they found we studied their needs before their wishes they became very offensive, and showed considerable opposition to our settling amongst them. They threatened to poison the teacher who went to live with them; and it is probable from their attitude during the first months of Maanaima's work, that they would not merely have threatened him, but would have laid violent hands upon him, had it not been for the fact that only a few miles from Bou, the Government had publicly hanged a member of their tribe quite recently for murdering a white man.

Looking back to those days, only ten years ago, it seems

incredible that Bou should be the quiet, law-abiding place it is to-day, and the people not only inoffensive, but friendly. They have given me many of their children to educate at Kwato; and lately we have formed a small church there, the Gospel having awakened a conscience against the heathen practices of former days. There yet remains much to be done at Bou, though the



A SAMOAN TEACHER'S OUT-STATION.

change in the thought of the people is nothing short of miraculous. I paid a visit to this newly-formed station ten years ago, after Maanaima had lived there a few months, and in the evening he brought five men into his house to see me. They were his friends. We had tried to hold a service on the beach earlier in the day, and the people had turned out with their drums and had

succeeded in drowning our voices. But the opposition was not unanimous. These five men had all shown kindness to the teacher in the face of public opinion. I spoke to them as well as I could through an interpreter, and tried to strengthen them, and show them for what purpose we desired their friendship. One of the men who was younger than the rest could speak the Dauï dialect, which was the language I knew, and after the others had left the house he remained behind, and we spoke together. I felt that a good deal might depend upon securing this young man's interest, and I went to great pains to show him what it was we had come to this country to do. He seemed very sincere. He said to me "Master, I do not understand all you say, it is too hard for me; but one thing I can see, you want my friendship. This is my word. When you go away from Bou I will stand by your teacher; I will be his friend until you come back."

This was very encouraging. Maanaima and I knelt down in that little hut, and in deep gratitude lifted our hearts to God, and thanked Him for the assurance we had of His presence and help.

The following day I had to go four miles away, to a place called Lilihudi. My object in going there was a curious one. The Bou people had a superstition, that any one going direct by sea from the one village to the other would be swallowed up as soon as they stepped upon the Lilihudi beach. This idea was so deeply rooted that I undertook to prove it was false, and although no one except my own boys would go with me in my boat, a number of the Bou men followed me in their canoes to witness the tragedy.

I did not get back to Bou until sundown. Maanaima met me on the beach. He looked very despondent, and I was chiding him mildly that he was not more cheerful in view of the good progress we seemed to be making, when he interrupted me.

"You remember your friend," he said, "the man who promised to help me last night?"

"Well?" I asked.

"He has killed a man today," continued Maanaima, "just near the mission house."

I had to ask my teacher whether the man was "dead," or "very dead." There is an important distinction between these terms in Papuan dialect. A man is "dead" when he is dying: when he has actually breathed his last he is "very dead."

To my relief I found the man was only "dead," and there was a chance that I might save him, and protect my would-be friend from the charge of murder. I enquired for the wounded man, and was informed that his friends had taken him four miles down the coast in a canoe. I got into my boat again, and after a stiff pull I landed at Barabara, and found my patient lying under a temporary shelter of cocoanut leaves. He was terribly mutilated. His collar bone had been severed, and his right knee cut open with a blow from an axe. I could see at once that there was no hope of saving his life, but I



MY SAMOAN COLLEAGUES.

visited him for four days and did what I could for him, and on the morning of the fifth day I received a message to say the poor fellow was "very dead."

I returned to Bou that night, and landed again in front of the mission house about ten o'clock. Maanaima was there with a lamp, to receive me. We walked together to his little house.

"Where is my friend?" I asked.

"He is somewhere in the village," replied Maanaima.

"Go and tell him I want to speak to him." I said.

Maanaima picked up the hurricane lamp, and as he left the room he said, half to himself,—

"I don't think he'll come."

In a few minutes, however, Maanaima returned, followed by the culprit. The poor man looked very sheepish, and I was glad to think that, to some extent at least, he was ashamed of himself.

He plumped himself down on the floor in a heap. A Papuan never stands to speak to his superiors, and it was respect which brought my friend to the ground. Before I had time to address him he looked up into my face and said,—

"Master, I know what you are going to say. It is quite true what the teacher has told you: I killed that man. But I want you to know that I meant everything I said to you last night."

"Then why did you do this thing?" I asked.

"Master," he explained, "when I went to my garden this morning, and found some one had stolen my betel nuts, I forgot all about you and the teacher and my promise. I found out who had stolen my nuts and I went just as I should have done before I met you, and struck him and said, 'There! that's payment for your theft!'"

This was the kind of material we had to work upon ten years ago. We find encouragement in the fact that these same men are now peaceable among themselves, and friendly towards us.

At Higebae also a very marked change has taken place in the lives of the people. I do not want to lead you to think that at these places all the people have embraced Christianity, or that the majority of them are members of the little churches we have formed here and there. But there has been a leavening process at work amongst them, which is very evident.

Filimoni, the teacher at Higebae, is a man of singular enlightenment. He is one of the kindest and most Christian characters I have ever met. Yet for years he laboured amongst his people with apparently no result. I used to feel, when I visited him from time to time, that his health was suffering because of this continual discouragement. He grew very melancholy, as time went on, and I feared lest he should succumb to the strain of disappointment. One day I felt it necessary to suggest to Filimoni that he should leave Higebae. I told him there were large communities of people in other parts of my district who would gladly welcome him, and listen to him, and be led by him. He brightened up at this prospect, and thanked me for relieving his mind. Within a fortnight I was back at his station, and during the evening Filimoni came to me to talk over his affairs. He was evidently anxious for me to reopen the subject which had pleased him so when I had first suggested it. He looked up at me from the floor where he was sitting and said,—

“I have been thinking about your proposal, and praying about it, ever since you were here a fortnight ago.”

“What do you think of it,” I asked him, “now that you have had time to consider it carefully?”

"I cannot go," he said.

This was so opposite a conclusion to what I had expected that I was astonished at his emphatic reply.

"How is that?" I asked.

"I have been here four years," said Filimoni, "and all this time I have been working for Christ. It was He who gave me this work to do, and I do not see how I can give it up."

I was delighted beyond measure to hear that this faithful man was so willing to choose the path of duty, rather than take the easier course which lay open to him.

"But," I said, "I fear your health; it was that which prompted me to suggest that you should make a change."

"The prospect of going away," answered my teacher, "certainly did me a great deal of good; but I find now, since my mind has been made up to ask you to let me stay on at my post, that the prospect of remaining where I am has done me more good still."

"What led you to alter your mind?" I asked.

"It was like this," answered my colleague. "I came here to help these people, and to teach them to love God. If they are so bad that they have not listened to me during the four years that I have been here, is not that a reason why I should continue to have compassion on them, and stay, rather than go away and leave them without help?"

Filimoni remained at his difficult post. I have no more encouraging station than Higebae today. The people heard that he was to be taken away from them, and they also learnt that of his own choice he decided to stay and help them. This knowledge appealed to them as nothing else had done, and they came to him, and grew to respect and love him. They gave him

their children to educate, and three years ago I formed a small church amongst them.

This will give you some idea of the men who come to us from the South Sea Islands.

What will be of most interest to you will be to hear something of my faithful colleagues the Papuan teachers. The fact that in



MY PAPUAN COLLEAGUES.

nearly all our districts we have a few men spending their lives in Christ's service amongst their own countrymen is a further evidence of what the Gospel can do for the most benighted heathen. As I have already told you, I have five earnest Papuans working in my district, all of whose parents were cannibals. You will not need to be reminded of Biga and his good wife Ruta, who are in

charge of our station at Wagawaga. Vainebagi's work at Gwavili is full of promise, though the people amongst whom he lives have only within the past four years had the opportunity of hearing about Christ. The hold Vainebagi has over the people in his village is shown, to some extent, in the big audiences which assemble within the mission compound whenever I visit his station.



MORNING SERVICE AT GWAVILI.

I am able to give you a picture of the crowd which came together for morning prayers the last time I was there. Kago, who is stationed at Maivara, occupies one of the most difficult positions in my district. A superficial judgment would pronounce his work a failure. He can get no children to come regularly to school; and on Sundays only a few of the people gather about him to hear

what God has to say to them. I have constantly to encourage my three Papuan teachers at the head of the Bay to be earnest and prayerful and patient. In due time we shall reap, if we faint not. Meanwhile it seems to those who are toiling and waiting and watching as if men's hearts would never respond to the message of love. Only yesterday the news was brought in that a white man had been murdered, and his companion badly injured, a few miles from Maivara. Eighteen months ago Ketabu, whose station is only a mile from Kago's, brought in a white man in his canoe who had been speared through the neck. But though my report of this part of my district is far from satisfactory, an influence is at work amongst these wild men which will prove irresistible, and it is our Papuan teachers who have introduced it and are spreading it.

Both Biga and Kago are men who received their first impressions of the Christian life from Dr. Lawes. They lived for several years at Port Moresby, where they were educated for the responsible positions they now occupy. They were, with others, almost the first Papuan teachers to leave an institution which Dr. Lawes formed some years ago, and which has culminated in the establishment of the Vatorata college. I have four young men and their wives, now completing their course at Vatorata, who will soon be sent forth as teachers. It will be the great work of the Papuan to evangelize his own country. The fact that in this generation we have Christian men and women devoting their lives to God's service should give us great hope for the future.

CHAPTER XII

THE PAPUAN AND THE CHILDREN'S SHIPS

IT would be impossible for me to speak about mission work in New Guinea without saying something to you about your own important part in it. It would never do for us to settle teachers in isolated places, along a coast line of six hundred miles, if the missionary could only visit them in whaleboats or native canoes. There are times when the heavy tropical rains set in, and the boisterous monsoons from the south east and north west churn up the seas into angry billows, and for weeks together we should be cut off from our teachers if we were dependent solely upon our small open boats. More than this, both our head-stations and our out-stations create a very considerable amount of business, and the service of a larger vessel is required oftener than we can get it, to go from place to place, carrying passengers, sick teachers, mission stores and building material. In my district alone I have nine churches and thirteen teachers' houses, and a large number of smaller dwellings, in which the teachers' children live within the mission compounds; and the material for all these buildings had to be carried from one part of the coast to another. This work can only be done by vessels capable of carrying heavy logs of hardwood for the piles upon which the houses are built, and long stout pieces of mangrove for the joists and studs and rafters.

It is here, in this very important part of our work, that we

are continually thinking of you British boys and girls, and are always feeling grateful to you for the indispensable assistance you are constantly giving us. You render us a very much greater service than I can adequately tell you of in a chapter which I must not be tempted to extend. If you denied me the services of the *Olive Branch*¹ for my work I should feel very much like a soldier who found himself at the wars with plenty of cartridges, but without a gun through which to discharge them.

Now I want to be very candid with you. It is your great work for Christ that we are speaking about, and you will like me to go into the subject very thoroughly, even if I am compelled to be brief. No one likes to be told that he is ignorant. I cannot help thinking, however, that many of you know very little about your own mission ships. This may be no fault of yours. I must admit I have personally never written to your magazine upon the subject, so I will take part of the blame upon myself, and try here and now to make up at least for my own past omissions.

It has occurred to me that to many of you there is only *one* mission ship, and that is your magnificent steamer the *John Williams*. She is so handsome, that while your gaze is fixed upon her great steel sides, and her tall masts, and her ample accommodation, and her uniformed officers, and her great ocean voyages, you may lose all sense of perspective, and fail to see the other equally necessary, though smaller, vessels of your fleet.

The *John Williams* is our connecting link with Australia and the South Sea Islands. The vessels of which I am writing are our connecting links along the coast of New Guinea. They travel up and down our vast seaboard, and bring our isolated districts

¹ The *Olive Branch*, alas! was wrecked at Kwato, within sight of Mr. Abel's house, on July 30th, 1901, in a great gale.—ED.

into touch with one another. We have three of your fleet in New Guinea, besides ten whaleboats. The work of the open whaleboat you have already seen. The larger vessels are the *Olive Branch*, a fore and aft schooner of forty tons; the *Niué*, a fore and aft schooner of fourteen tons; and the *Hanamoa*, a small cutter of five tons, which works exclusively in the central district. The two larger vessels are the real mission ships of New Guinea. While the majestic *John Williams* calls upon us twice a year, and only stays at our head-stations to discharge our supplies of food



STARTING ON A VISIT TO THE OUT-STATIONS IN THE WHALEBOAT.

and mission stores, on her perpetual tramp all over the South Pacific, these smaller craft are always with us. Month in and month out, the *Olive Branch* and the *Niué* are calling at one or another of a hundred obscure ports. They are either navigating the rough seas which sweep upon our coast from the open Pacific, or they are anchoring off villages where the missionary has important work to do, in visiting his people and helping his teachers.

The *Niué* works principally in the west. Her districts include

the Torres Straits and the Fly River, and she sometimes comes as far east as Port Moresby.

It was your vessel the *Niué* which took Tamate and Tomkins in the path of duty to the scene of their martyrdom, and which



THE NIUE.

sailed away from Goaribari the following morning to break the sad news that they had finished their work amongst us.

Although it is you who maintain this vessel from year to year, supplying her with stores, blocks, tackle, sails, paint, and so forth, she was originally bought and presented to the Society by a small tribe of men living on an isolated island in the middle of the vast

Pacific Ocean. She is called the *Niué* after the name of this island. The name is appropriate, but often inconvenient. *Niué* is pronounced *new-ay*; but your vessel often gets her name mis-spelt and mis-pronounced, and not a few people persist in turning the letter *u* upside down, and calling her the *Nine*.

The Niuéans live, as I tell you, in a small island all by themselves. Not many years ago they were ferocious savages, and perhaps one reason why you are not acquainted with the geographical position of the island of Niué is that when it is occasionally dignified by finding itself located on a map, it usually bears the name of Savage Island. There is no doubt why the Europeans who first visited Niué gave it a bad name. They found an inhospitable shore, guarded by barbarous men: the Niuéans were savages. It is the children and grandchildren of these savages who, after sending some of their young men and women as teachers to New Guinea, made us the handsome present of a schooner. No less a sum than three hundred pounds was collected amongst the islanders for the purpose, and the gift was very highly appreciated by us, and also by the directors of the Society. The vessel was built in Sydney ten years ago; and when she was finished and launched and made ready for her long voyage it was found that the entire cost exceeded the sum the Niuéans had subscribed by two hundred pounds. I think I am right in saying that the directors decided at once to meet this extra expense by granting this amount from the ordinary funds. However, the news reached the ears of the little church at Niué, and with a generosity you will all admire, they there and then decided that the vessel was to be entirely *their* present; and they set to work at once, and saved their money, and handed a further donation to the Society to cover the entire cost (£500) of the missionary ship. This story

has been told before ; it will bear telling and re-telling. It points to a fact which cannot be too often emphasized, that Christianity in Niué, as well as in Samoa and Rarotonga, is full of missionary enthusiasm.

The *Olive Branch* covers a wider range than the *Niué*. She travels from east to west, as far as our mission extends in both directions. But her visits west, where she overruns the tracks of the *Niué*, are irregular, her chief work lying between the Namau and Kwato districts. She is in such demand that our committee have this year been obliged to draw up a series of five resolutions, to control her movements as far as possible, so as to give every missionary his fair share of her services. Some idea of the amount of work this convenient little vessel does for us may be gathered from the following facts. In ten months last year she covered 7,230 miles, not counting her many detours into deep bays and along unequal coast lines. She carried, from port to port, 307 tons of mission cargo ; and her passenger list included 33 Europeans, 58 South Sea Island teachers, and 168 Papuans.

I have been obliged to lay aside the somewhat pressing but exceedingly pleasant task of writing your book for nearly three weeks lately, in order to avail myself of the services of the *Olive Branch* in my out-stations. I had either to make use of her just when she liked to turn up at Kwato, or lose my chance of visiting my teachers until she could return to me some months later. My recent visit to England made it necessary that I should attend to my teachers while I had the opportunity. I had their schools to examine, and their people to encourage in the first steps of the new life some of them are trying to live ; I had, in three cases, to decide the boundaries of the land which I have to apply for from the Government for new stations ; I had to rejoice with

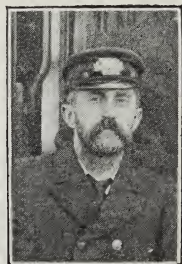
one or two teachers, whose work showed signs of healthy progress, and to try to help and encourage others, whose failure was equally evident. With this important work awaiting me away from Kwato, I had no option but to lay aside my pen and the daily duties of my head-station, and with only a few hours' notice, embark upon your noble little vessel for a three weeks' cruise.

Somehow or other, although several of my colleagues are photographers, no one of them has succeeded in getting a good picture of the *Olive Branch*. The photograph of a ship lying at anchor is as expressionless and inanimate as a portrait of a person asleep. I refuse to subject this good ship of yours to the indignity of showing her lying under bare poles at her moorings. I have, however, one picture of the *Olive Branch* which will, I think, be of great interest to you. At Wagawaga there is a most perfect little harbour, just where the mission house stands upon a narrow miniature peninsula. The wind may blow its fiercest, and the angry seas may lash the shore a hundred yards away on the other side of the point, but the *Olive Branch* can lie in a basin of perfectly still water within hail of the teacher's house. Biga, the Papuan teacher, has built a splendid church within the past three years, but it is so near to the beach that when the seas are breaking and pounding upon the shore it is almost impossible to hear yourself speak, and to address a large audience is quite out of the question. We have a convenient and simple way out of this difficulty. A line is run ashore and made fast to a cocoa-nut tree, and the *Olive Branch* is hauled close up to the beach, where the shelving sandy bottom allows her to lie without risk; and from the quarterdeck of the vessel I am able in the roughest weather, provided there is no rain, to address my congregation, who assemble on the sand under the shade of the cocoa-nut palms.



THE *OLIVE BRANCH* AT WAGAWAGA.

Since in this chapter I am dealing with your own vessels, I should like to introduce you to one of the captains of your gallant fleet. Captain Mitchell is an old servant of the L.M.S. He was for many years an officer on the barque *John Williams*, and he succeeded Captain Turpie in the command of that vessel. He was for two years chief officer of the steamer *John Williams*, and then, to our great satisfaction, he took the schooner *Olive Branch*, and joined us in New Guinea. Our gain in procuring for our vessel so capable and considerate a captain was a loss to our friends throughout the South Seas. I have never met a Polynesian missionary who did not have the warmest regard for Captain Mitchell. It is a very important factor in our work to have a captain who is heartily in sympathy with us, and whose attitude towards our teachers and people is in harmony with the work in which his vessel is engaged.



CAPTAIN MITCHELL.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PAPUAN AND EDUCATION

I HAVE referred elsewhere to the work of the Samoan and Papuan teachers in my out-stations, and I have told you that besides preaching on Sundays, and living a healthy Christian life before the people to whom God has sent them, they hold schools for the children.

It is a comparatively easy matter to teach a Samoan, or even a Papuan, to read and write and work out a few simple rules in arithmetic; it is a very difficult matter indeed to teach either of them how to teach to some one else what he himself has learnt. Where my helpers seem to fail most signally, perhaps, is in bearing out the name of "teacher." There is much, however, to be said in their defence. In a district like mine, where the people are very scattered, and where the most central stations are only directly in touch with small communities of people, it is very hard to get children to come regularly long distances to be taught to read and write. A boy excuses himself for being absent from school because it rained, and his village was nearly a quarter of a mile away from the teacher's house; another on the ground that he had been out all night fishing, and he was sleeping off his arrears of rest when the mission bell rung. When to the boy's volubility in excuse is added the parents' utter unconcern for his welfare,

the difficulty my teachers have to meet in keeping regular schools is easily explained. There are boys in your favoured country who would foolishly absent themselves from school if their parents were to allow them to please themselves; and there are even some parents who would not exert a right influence over their children in this respect. A wise Government, how-



FRAME OF AN IMPROVED NATIVE HOUSE AT KWATO.

ever, insists that the child shall not suffer, either because of his own or his parents' folly. In this country it is different; neither the parent nor the child can see the advantage of education, and of course it is not so obvious an advantage as it is in civilized countries; indeed it is hard sometimes to make them see that there is any benefit in it at all.

Secular education, as conducted by our teachers, is generally confined to four subjects. I need not tell you the first three are reading, writing and arithmetic. The fourth is generally called "mapu," from the word "map," and is what you know as geography.

It is not difficult to teach the young Papuan to read. His languages fortunately lend themselves readily to phonetic spelling. The difficulty is rather to find him enough fresh matter to read. Writing is a subject he easily masters, and since it enables him to correspond with his friends, he is usually anxious to wield a pen. Arithmetic is not a favourite study of his. By dint of "drumming it in" on the part of the teachers, hundreds of boys and girls in this country can recite the multiplication tables in English. How many can make any practical use of this feat of memory I should not like to say. Almost any boy in our schools could tell you, without a moment's hesitation, that eight times seven are fifty-six; but only our senior wranglers could arrive at this conclusion without using their fingers and toes if you were to put the question in the form of a problem. If, in English, it was only possible to count up to five, and at school you were taught the multiplication table in Russian, you would be exactly in the position of the children in my schools, and I really do not think you would be much further advanced in arithmetic. They count up to five—that is one hand; nine is one hand and four fingers; ten is two hands; sixteen, two hands, one foot and one toe; twenty is literally "one dead man"—an idiomatic way of saying the fingers and toes of a man are all mathematically accounted for. Hence it is necessary to teach English numerals. Just fancy, if you were a missionary, having to give out in church the thirty-seventh

hymn. You would have to say in the dialect of my district, "Vana tau-esega-i-mate-saudoudoi-haligigi-labui." I have no space here to tell you what you would have to say if you had to announce the three hundred and thirty-seventh hymn. There would certainly be no time left for the sermon. Geography is always an interesting subject, and is so wide in its range, that it can be made a very easy medium for conveying knowledge of countries and peoples which does not strictly come under that head.

This then is the simple curriculum of our out-station schools. Singing and plain sewing are subjects generally taught, only too imperfectly, I regret to say, out of regular school hours.

At our head-station at Kwato, we have about us eighty boys and girls. These have all come to us at one time or another, during the past ten years, from different villages in the district. At first when we enticed these little children to us, we had great difficulty in getting them to want to stay away from their friends for more than a few months at a time. Our laws became irksome, and they longed for the freedom of their native life. It was just this freedom which was so harmful to them. No boy could be brought up in the evil atmosphere of a Papuan village without becoming a heathen like his parents. You will be able to understand this for yourselves after what I have told you of the evil customs of these people. It was therefore one of the first laws we made, that no child should be allowed to join our little community unless he was prepared to remain with us until we considered his education complete; and his education meant much more than reading and arithmetic. Of course we allowed his parents and friends to visit him as often as they liked, but this was

certainly a very hard rule to adopt amongst Papuans. Yet we had to study the deepest interests of the children God entrusted to us. We put ourselves in the place of Christian parents to them, and just as your father and mother would prevent you from going where you would get harm, and would shield you from mixing with evil companions before you were



PART OF THE OLD SWAMP.

old enough to judge rightly for yourselves, so we acted towards our large Papuan family.

With so large a number of children it was to be expected that we should have some who would disappoint us; and I must admit that in the early days we had several who, young as they were, chose evil in preference to good, and followed

their inclinations by running away. I remember I used to be quite anxious sometimes, when a breach of the rules compelled me to inflict punishment, lest I might wake up in the morning to face my wife over the breakfast table, and have no one left on the station to bring in the porridge. But my occasional fears were fortunately never realized. In the course of time such a change came over our children, that once when I was compelled for the sake of example to tell a misdemeanant that she must go back to her village, the poor girl's tears were so pitiable that I was obliged to reconsider my decision.

Before I was fully aware of the hold we had got over our boys and girls, I had one day to go to one of my out-stations for some important meetings. The *John Williams* was to take me to this village, which was twenty miles from Kwato, and bring me back the following day. I decided, as this was a very exceptional occasion, to take all my boys and girls with me. This was a great treat for them, first because there was the trip in your big steamer, and then again because they would have the opportunity of seeing their friends and relations. The day after our meetings were over we were all to be on board the *John Williams* by nine o'clock in the morning. I went off in the last boat leaving the shore. When I got on board I met my Samoan teacher.

"Are all the boys and girls on board?" I asked a little anxiously.

"I think so," was the easy-going reply.

"Go and count them," I said, "before the steamer leaves."

The teacher returned to me a little later.

"They are all here," he said, "*and five more!*"

Now I should be deceiving you if I led you to think that in the course of from eight to ten years the Papuan boy and youth had completely lost all taste for his native village, or that he had become very fond of laws to regulate his conduct. To some extent—and I am thankful to say to a very large extent—this is true of many of my Kwato converts. They see

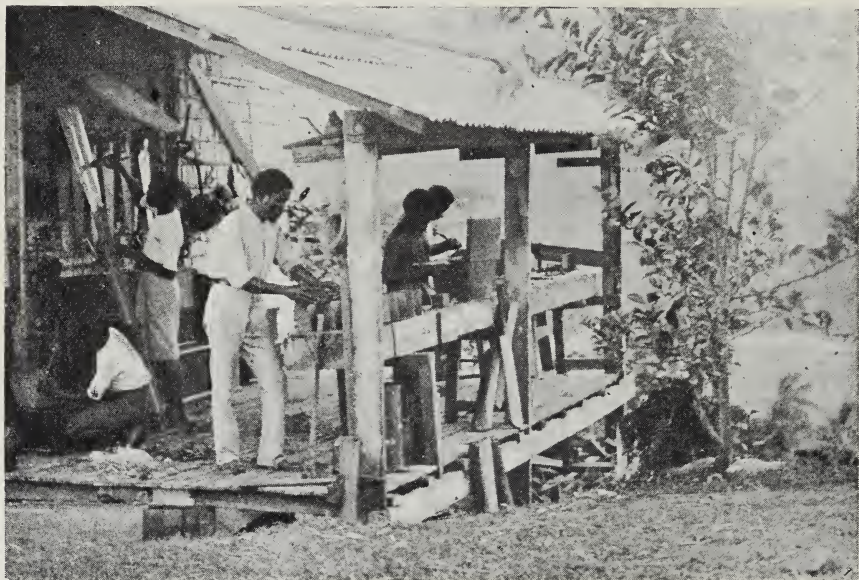


“HOW’S THAT?” (CRICKET ON THE SITE OF THE SWAMP.)

now the benefit of being under discipline, and most of our laws they keep unconsciously, and heartily support them, because they helped me to draw them up. But the real reason why my children are happy and contented is because we have studied carefully every aspect of their lives, and have made their education many-sided and attractive. What a commotion

it would cause on Kwato today if a boy or a girl ran away!

I hardly know how to lay before you, in a few words, the subject of our work at Kwato. Fortunately I can give you pictures of my head-station, which will show you more clearly than many words would do what the past ten years have done for our children.



THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.

When my former colleague and I first came here, we practically stood up to our knees in mud. We were told by many of our friends, who probably thought that where argument had failed a little chaff might succeed, that we were forming a mission in a bog. So we were. We converted Kwato, with the pick and shovel, into a healthy and beautiful station. We have Saturday afternoon cricket matches now, on the site of the former

swamp, against a European eleven from the British township of Samarai. Only last Saturday one of my boys made thirty-nine runs, and carried his bat through the innings; and Kwato won the match against white men by eighteen runs. A few months ago we played the officers and men of H.M.S. *Torch*, and that match also resulted in favour of our Papuan eleven. His Excellency the Governor, who is a great favourite with and a friend to all our young people, comes and plays with the boys sometimes, and shows them the advantage of keeping



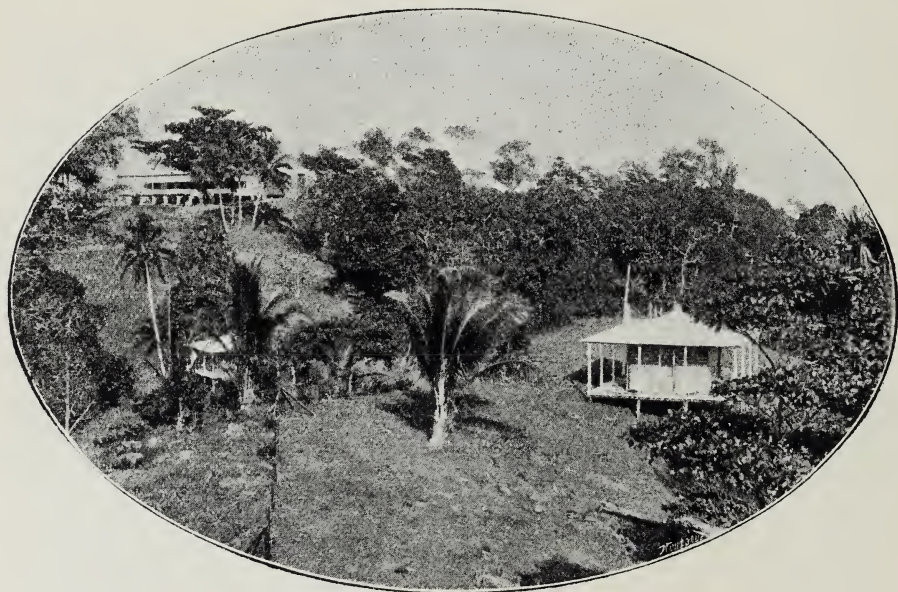
SHIPPING BOXES TO SAMARAI.

the left shoulder well over the bat, and the right foot firmly planted inside the batting crease.

No one who comes to Kwato now ever dreams that our fine cricket ground was once a huge swamp. It took us four years to fill it in. With great satisfaction we saw, as time went on, that the constant labour it entailed was creating in our children habits of industry. In the truest sense we were forming a mission in a bog. When this extensive work was finished, we looked round for something else to do, and so we

went on, until our children grew to have quite a mean opinion of a lazy life; and as they developed, they found carpentering, and mat-making, and box-making, and boat-repairing, and laundry work and needlework of all kinds, not only pleasant but fruitful occupations.

Many of our number have grown up to manhood and



HOUSES DOTTED ABOUT THE HILLS.

womanhood in the meantime. Their comfortable homes are dotted about the grass-clad hills of Kwato. You will remember my faithful friend Josia Lebasi; he is still here, an intelligent Christian man. He is acting just now for my teacher Maanaima, who has gone to Samoa for a holiday. He and Pauline his wife have forty-six children under their care. He has lately

put three planks in my big whaleboat, and a new keel on her, and has done his work as skilfully as a craftsman could do it. The Wesleyan Missionary Society has given him an order to repair one of their boats. He is always busy. He has charge of the carpenter's shop, and is teaching many other boys to be skilful with tools. Lebasi does even more important work than building houses and repairing boats. He preaches sometimes for me, both here and in my out-stations. He took my place a few weeks ago, when I was absent visiting my district. My wife told me when I came home that his sermon was one of the most impressive she had ever listened to. He pleaded so earnestly with his own countrymen to give their hearts to Christ and to put their lives to better use. The dear fellow broke down in one part of his address, and the people were so touched that many of them could not restrain their tears. He goes about my district and proclaims Christ, not only by words, but by his noble useful life, and everywhere he is respected. How I could multiply instances if only I had the space in which to write about the changed life of these dear children!

I must speak to you of our faithful and devoted friend and helper Edidai. She too is one of those who have been with us ever since we came to Kwato. Her sweet life and pure influence have strengthened our own faith in Christ. We see we are not merely dealing with savages, otherwise we might look for only poor results: we are bringing the human heart to Christ, and He can work a miracle, and make the one-time savage a saint.

We have a curfew which rings our big family to rest at nine o'clock; and it is a very strict rule that all lights must be put

out as soon as the bell tolls. One night after midnight I had occasion to get up, and walking round my verandah I was concerned to find a light burning in the girls' room. Some one was breaking the rules. I went to the door and opened it. The light was low, and I could not see anything clearly. Presently Edidai's familiar voice said from the far corner :

"It is all right, father ; it is I."



EDIDAI.

I peered over in the direction from which her voice came, and there she was, speaking to one of the younger girls, three hours after bedtime. "It is all right, father." Yes! Edidai knew she might ignore a rule without breaking it. I saw what she was doing: it was Christ's work she was engaged in. Several of our girls have told us that their first serious thoughts were

turned to Christ because Edidai had sought her opportunity, and had taken them away in the bush alone, or had sat up at night-time, when the others were asleep, and had pleaded with them to decide, while they were young, to live for her Master.

It would be no satisfaction to me to tell you that I had



SPECIMEN OF NEEDLEWORK.

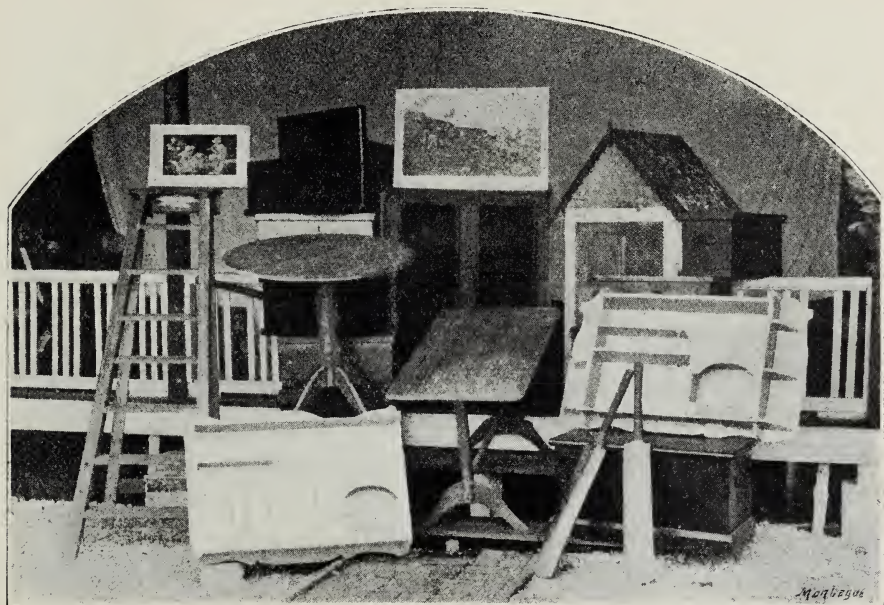
managed to teach Josia and Edidai and the rest of our children to do arithmetic and geography, or if I could only show you pictures of the houses they have built, or the fancy needlework they have learnt to do. That would be something, certainly, since it would prove to you that the children of indolent parents

had grown up to be industrious men and women. The real education of these children, however, is more important than this. *We have living about us, and constantly going in and out amongst the people in our district, converts who are pure-minded and truthful, whose characters have been formed and developed in a Christian home, who help each other to serve Christ in the discharge of their daily duties, and who are anxious, as we are, to see His kingdom come amongst their own countrymen.*

I feel sure you will all be gratified in hearing to what extent we have succeeded in educating the Papuan. Naturally enough we wish we could have a much larger family than we have, and that many more of the children in our district could have the opportunities which have done so much for Josia and Edidai, Pita and Muna. Unfortunately we are restricted to a small number for want of funds. I am asking the directors of our Society to allow me to extend our industrial operations, and I have great hope, if permission is granted to me, that our difficulty will solve itself, and that we shall be able, in a short time, to help very largely towards our own support. I am asking that Kwato be recognized as what is known as an industrial mission. I should like, in a very few words, to show you the great necessity there is in such work as ours for combining the teaching of industries with the teaching of the Gospel of Christ.

You will have seen for yourselves that the Papuan is an indolent man to begin with. He is very good at a spurt; he is very lively when he is up to mischief; but his casual occupations are sometimes not only trifling, as when he is decorating himself, but often very evil. The teaching of the precepts of Jesus Christ necessitates the abandoning of these.

He must not fight, he must not dance. If I had to allow him to do one or the other, I should prefer that he kept to his fighting; for bad as you know the practices connected with his warfare are, he fights once where he dances a hundred times; and his dancing is attended with evils no less vicious. Neither practice can stand in the light of the Gospel; and the more



SPECIMENS OF NATIVE CARPENTRY.

we succeed in showing him this, the lazier he becomes. These two customs formed a very large part of his occupation. "Well," you say, "why cannot you get him to desist from these vicious customs, and then live a Christian life, without making him a carpenter, or a boatbuilder, or a craftsman of any kind? These are civilized ideas: leave him as he is, only

without his vices ; he can improve his houses, he can still make his gardens, he can go out fishing ; all these are good. Let his Christianity shine through his ordinary life.

First, I should tell you that a lazy man—and the Papuan reduced to gardening and fishing would be a very lazy man—can never be a strong man. He can never be either physically or mentally strong. He can never be a strong Christian. Then again, God requires every man, a Papuan as well as an Englishman, to put his life to the best possible use. Surely God wants these people to have some ambition to improve the condition in which we find them. Ought we not to say to our converts, “Your heavenly Father has put His Spirit into your hearts and made you His children. He does not want you to live an aimless, useless existence. He wants you to grow ; He wants you to have new aspirations, that you may live a healthier, nobler and more dignified life” ? When we remember what industry and emulation have done in making our great nation what it is today, compared with what our forefathers were fifteen hundred years ago, we should be the last people in the world to say, Let the Papuan remain as he is, purged of his evil practices, and teach him nothing but the Gospel.

But this is not all. The Papuan, as well as the missionary who has his welfare at heart, has to face the fact that his country is no longer his own. Every year the white population of New Guinea is increasing. His country, which a dozen years ago was largely in his own hands, is being sold in larger or smaller sections to Europeans and Asiatics. I have received very substantial help sometimes in my work from my own countrymen, and I am anxious to acknowledge their sympathy and kindness. But a very large number of men who come to

a country like this from all over the world make no profession of Christianity, and have little or no sympathy with Christian work. They come and settle; and too often, I regret to say, they encourage vice in the Papuan, and practise it themselves. This new element presents to the missionary the problem which I am trying, to the best of my ability, to solve. If we are to



DECAPITATING A HILL.

allow the Papuan to remain a Papuan, in the face of this change of circumstances, what is to become of him? If we are to teach him no industry, how can he compete with the foreigner who is invading his land? This is an argument I can only use to Christian men, and Christian boys and girls. There are thousands of our countrymen who have no sympathy with such

ideas. To them the Papuan is nothing but an encumbrance. The sooner he is wiped off the ground he occupies, the better for the British Colony. To talk of educating him to compete with the Colonist is the rankest heresy. However, I am appealing to boys and girls all of whom I trust, will grow



DR. VAUGHAN'S HOUSE AT SAMARAI.

up to be men and women of higher and nobler sentiments than these. In theory, our country protects the aboriginal natives of her Colonies; in practice she destroys them. The quickest way to this end is to refuse to educate them in industrial and civilized pursuits. Why should my boys be told to content themselves with making gardens and fishing, when white men

will employ them to erect their European houses at Samarai, and a white man has asked them to go two hundred miles from here to put up his house? The fact that the Papuan is capable of being taught to use his brains, as well as his hands, and to rise in the scale of humanity from the low position in which we find him, is surely an argument that it is our duty to give him the opportunity he is able, and even anxious, to turn to good account.



GIRLS MAKING MATS.

There is one other important point which must not be overlooked. Suppose the missionary is not to help the Papuan to improve his condition, he cannot prevent him from undergoing radical change. The influx of Europeans, and Malays, and other races will bring this about; and it must then be a change for the worse. As I have told you, when civilization comes to a country like New Guinea, it comes as a terribly destructive force to the aboriginal. It does nothing to help the missionary

in his work, though the missionary does much to help it. The missionary educates; and education of any kind, the more it succeeds, makes the Papuan the more dissatisfied with his native life. There is only one course open to him: he leaves the missionary, who cannot employ him, and goes to put his knowledge to practical use with the foreigner. There are too few agencies for good at work in this country for the missionary to view this waste of labour and influence dispassionately.

With this inevitable change rapidly taking place under our eyes, you will scarcely wonder that we should wish not only to teach the Papuan to be industrious, but to see him working under healthy Christian conditions. This is what we ask for when we point out the great necessity there is in New Guinea for an industrial mission. We want to hold out to our young people the prospect of a wholesome future. We want to be the moral force in the new circumstances in which the Papuan finds himself under our British flag. We want our Papuan convert to be the best, and the most enlightened and advanced; we want him to be the most loyal, as we want him to be a thoroughly Christian, British subject. We can only do this by broadening our views on education.

I cannot close this important chapter without adding that an industrial mission, liberally undertaken to begin with, should do much in the course of a few years to make our district self-supporting. Last year our little community at Kwato gave over £50 to the Society, as the result of their industry. This was their voluntary contribution to God's work which they had learned so well to appreciate. To speak of them giving £50 represents only the sum which they gave in actual cash, and does not take into account the great amount of labour which

throughout each year is willingly contributed towards the maintenance and development of our work. For over five years I have not had to employ a carpenter or boatbuilder to repair the mission house or the boats; and on more than one occasion expense has been saved the *Olive Branch* by my native carpenters doing work on her which would otherwise have had to be done, at considerable expense, by white labour.

Naturally I am anxious to extend this branch of my work. As I have said, it will produce stronger Christians and more independent men; it will also, I trust, lead in time to the recognition on the part of the Papuan that he should himself bear the cost of the education of his children and the evangelization of his country.



JOSIA LEBASI'S COTTAGE.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PAPUAN AND THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

*T*HERE is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! Roman x. 12-15.

There is no difference . . . for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. These are not really hard words for you boys and girls to understand. They mean that all men are alike in one respect, however they may differ in appearance and in habits; however one may shock the other by his rudeness and savagery, they are all alike in this, that they have one Lord, Who is bountiful in His great mercy to all that call upon Him. You do not need to be told that these words are inspired. No man could have written them, unless he had been prompted to write them by God. This is one of the great arguments for foreign missions. There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, the European and the Papuan, *for the same*

Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. That is why we make our homes in New Guinea, and form our friendships with the Papuan. If he will call on our Lord, who is also his Lord, he shall be saved. We believe this, or we should never come to *preach the gospel of peace* to him. Many of God's messengers to such a people as ours have sometimes lost heart, and have almost doubted, in moments of depression, whether these words could have included the savage. I think I could write a chapter, at least, on "The missionary in many moods." This would be one of his moods: when his heart sickens, and his faith grows weak, and in view of all he hears and sees around him he finds the tardy thought steal through his mind, "*Can they hear? Will they call? Is there 'no difference'?*" I feel ashamed to confess to you that this mood has almost enveloped me in the darkness of despair once or twice in the early days of my work. I should have known—nay, I *did* know, deep down in my heart—that *the same Lord* Who raised Lazarus from the dead, Who gave Bartimeus his sight, Who cast out the devils from Mary Magdalene; that *the same Lord* Who had been rich to me, when as a youth I called upon Him myself, would be *rich* to Dilomi, to Wedeka, to Lebasi, to Edidai, and *unto all that call upon Him*. I should never have forgotten for a moment that *there is no difference*.

With what confidence I can assure you of this great fact, now that I am able to look back and review the past eleven years! It is not necessary that I should tell you how many church members I have in my district. It will be enough for me to tell you that I have formed a small church. Here at Kwato a few members, there at Bou, and Higabae, and Wagawaga, and Rabi, and other stations a few members: men

and women who were savages and cannibals a few years ago, have come under the power of the Spirit of God, and have been transformed, and are now members of the church of Christ. I was one of the honoured preachers who were *sent*; the Papuan



SOME OF OUR YOUNGER CHURCH MEMBERS.

has heard the message, and accepted it, and called on the name of the Lord, to find that He was *rich* unto him according to His promise.

There is something almost pathetic in the spectacle of a little church, in a country like this. To see men emerging from such

wild conditions ; to watch the beginning of a new force at work amongst them ; to feel assured that the animal is being subdued by the spiritual within them ; to see the first steps in the walk of faith : this is something no Christian can witness unmoved. The members of this church may not be wise ; they may not even be able to read ; they may know very little perfectly of inspired truths ; but they have heard Christ's message ; they have felt something within them which has yearned for the peace of His gospel : they have called, and Christ has heard them.

You may ask, "Are they strong Christians?" No, you will not ask anything so foolish. That would be like asking if the little boy of four years old was a dutiful son. Filial responsibilities do not belong to his tender years ; by and by he will grow into youth, and then some day you may ask if he is dutiful. It is so with this infant church. You must not ask me if the Papuan is a strong Christian. He is a babe. His faith is that of the little child, not the faith and assurance of the full-grown man.

The Papuan Christian is sometimes carried away by the prevailing sentiments of the heathen people who surround him on every side. The swift current of popular opinion sweeps him with it ; and lapses are not infrequent. But there is undoubted sincerity, even where occasional practices appear inconsistent with genuineness. Here again the simile of the little child must be used. He fails as the child fails : he did not think ; he forgot ; he did not mean to do what he did ; he is sorry ; he tries again. He stumbles because he has hardly learnt to walk yet.

Some three years ago I held a meeting at one of my stations about thirty miles from Kwato, to which I invited all my church

members, and some of my adherents. Nearly three hundred men and women gathered together from all parts of my district, the large majority of them coming from a distance, many of them having to travel over twenty miles in their canoes to attend the meeting. There was nothing material to be had by coming: I made no presents. Three hundred men and women were attracted by the gospel: that is to say they came at my invitation, and assembled for Christian intercourse. They represented two distinct tribes. Only a few years ago, before the gospel was brought to them, they were bitter enemies. For generations their forefathers had fought; and these men who met with a common purpose that day, had met on many previous occasions, spear in hand. Dilomi, the chief of the Potasae tribe was there; Iogiogi, the chief of the Tavara tribe, sat with him: men who throughout their lives had, until recent years, sought each other's destruction. It was the first time the two hostile tribes had assembled as friends. At the close of our meetings we called our church members together. Men and women from both tribes filed into the teacher's house, side by side. I think that was the most impressive service I ever took part in. On a small table in front of me a white cloth was spread. What was that? Two plates containing small pieces of baked *taro*, and two glasses containing the milk of the cocoanut, were placed before me. What were these? This was a sacred feast. This was done in remembrance of Christ. It was also to the Papuan that He said, after He had supped with His disciples the night in which He was betrayed, *This do in remembrance of me*. That baked *taro* was the symbol of the body which was broken; and that cocoanut milk was the symbol of the blood which was shed for the redemption of the world. The representatives of both these

formerly hostile tribes sat solemnly and reverently together, and in their new and very simple faith they partook of these elements, and joined hearts with the church of Christ throughout the world.

My dear boys and girls, could you have sat where I did and not have felt moved? Not if you could have seen the state of the people all round us. These were our firstfruits. Dilomi



DILOMI (PAULO).

and Iogiogi sat together in front of me; Dilomi with four ugly scars of spear wounds in his body, sitting side by side with the man who had inflicted them. These two men, into whose hearts the light had dawned, passed the elements to their fellow Christians from Potasae and Tavara. Their past contempt for one another had changed; they had learned that *there is no difference*, and

that *the same Lord over all is rich unto all who call upon Him*. Having called upon their Lord, they met together in His name as brethren.

Young as my church is, as you have seen, it already exerts a widespread influence over the tribes of my district. It is the "little leaven, leavening the whole lump." I have purposely kept my church small, that the standard of character amongst its members may be as high as possible. It is gratifying to know, as I do, that an "*ekalesia*," as the church members are called, is a marked man. The heathen in his own village expect something very different from him, because of the public profession he makes. Especially amongst the large number of church adherents, he wields considerable influence, which is bringing about noticeable changes in many directions. How different, for instance, was the funeral of Naniwa, nine years ago, from the quiet little service at the graveside, when I recently buried Enoka. Enoka was one of our church members. I saw him at his village an hour before he died. "It is good," he said; "I have no fear."

Almost his last words were a request that I would allow his friends to take his body over to Kwato, that he might be buried in our little cemetery. What a change from the painted corpse, and the loud wake, and the *rigaheruheru*! There was no sea-serpent in his mind, as he passed away, along whose treacherous back he had to make his perilous journey to the world beyond. This one-time cannibal had heard the words, *Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved*. Enoka had called: he was saved. "It is good; I have no fear," he said.

How clearly too we seemed to see the change in the sentiments of the people, when we lost one of our brightest little girls.

a few years ago! An epidemic of dysentery swept the country from one end to the other, and as it passed us it claimed large numbers of victims. Six of our children succumbed within three or four weeks. Little Gada was one of them. Her parents lived on an adjacent island; and before Gada was seized with this



ENOKA.

plague, her father sickened with it, and her mother had to nurse him through his serious illness. She left him once or twice to come across and see her little girl. As time went on we had great hope of Gada's recovery, and we sent messages across to Logea that she was progressing favourably. One evening she took a change for the worse, and before midnight she was dead.

Her father was then in a critical condition ; it was pouring with rain ; and I decided, after serious thought, that under the circumstances it was the kindest thing not to break the news of Gada's death to her mother until the next morning. It was necessary to bury the little wasted body at once, and amidst the heavy tropical downpour we carried her over the hills, at three o'clock in the morning, and laid her to rest. At daybreak I sent for Dilomi.

"Dilomi," I said, "God in His wisdom has taken our little Gada from us. I want you to break the sad news to her mother. We were obliged to bury her during the night."

The old man nodded seriously, and went away to carry out my instructions. He paddled back to his own village, which was a mile or more away from Gowari, where Gada's mother lived. He told his wife the news ; and the two of them walked along the beach to discharge their sad duty.

At Gowari a group of men and women sat talking when Dilomi's wife passed along in front of them, apparently on her way to a village further down the coast. She looked up at them, and after greeting them, called out and said as she went on her way—

"*Ahani ! Ahani !*—Alas ! Alas !—I will return anon, and mourn with you."

Had she stayed they would not have questioned her further. She had said all she meant to say. They knew there was a hidden significance in her words, and they became serious. What could this mean ? Who was dead ? What loss had they sustained ? As they asked themselves these questions, Dilomi appeared as his wife had done. He too was passing on, but he paused a moment to hail them—

"Oh, men of Gowari!" he said, "can you sit there with light hearts, while others mourn the loss of one of your children? Go, see; yonder she lies buried."

Gada's mother descended from the house where her husband lay unconscious. A cry escaped her lips, as she threw herself on the ground and buried her head in her hands. "Alas! My child! my child!" she wailed.

Presently we saw the bereaved friends coming slowly across from Logea in their canoes. They landed; and walking with bowed heads along the track, they wended their way to the cemetery, and sought the newly-made grave. Later on Gada's mother, and a few of her friends, walked silently up the hill, and came and sat on our verandah. My wife and I went out and mourned with them. Ours was a common loss: theirs was a grief like ours; it was deeper than I had seen it before in Papuans, and quieter. The bereaved woman sat on the floor beside my wife's chair, and taking her hand in hers held it. She could not speak for some time. My wife tried to comfort her with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. Presently she said between her sobs—

"She has gone; God has taken her. He wills it, and I do not withhold my child. Thou didst care well for Gada; if I had another daughter I would give her to thee."

From beginning to end of this sad incident it was possible for us to see how the influence of Christian teaching had in a few years changed these people's ideas on death; and how completely, in the case of our church members and adherents, their former heathen customs had been renounced. There was a more genuine tenderness and sympathy shown for the bereaved; grief was deeper, though it was almost silent. There was a recognition that little Gada had passed from us into the presence of Christ;

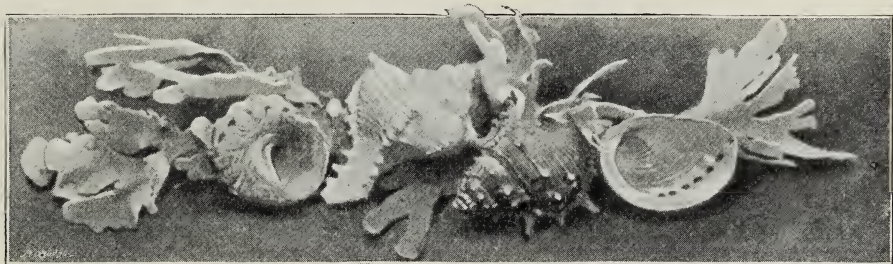
and the consolation of His gospel took from sorrow its former hopelessness and bitterness.

It is on such occasions as these that I have mentioned, when the people are under deep emotion, and are plunged into sudden distress, that you might look for any weakness in their adherence to the gospel. They might now be expected to revert to old customs, or at least to compromise matters by an attempt to blend in one observance the old and the new. I have seen this transition stage amongst Papuans, when men have still retained some hold of superstition, and have not yet a firm grasp of Faith. But the cases I have cited are where church members are concerned; and the effect of their example must be widespread and potent. When I am able to tell you we have taught some men how to die, I need be at no pains to tell you that they must already have learned how to live.

This then is our position today. Here and there the Papuan has heard, and called; and the Lord has been rich towards him. I have seen no occasion to tell you of the many terrible discouragements which invariably attend such work as ours. In its proper place there would have been much to say of failure and defeat. Satan very vigorously resents the breaking up of his strongholds. But when the gloom of moral disaster has passed away, we have always been able to see that the measure of our distress has not equalled the measure of our progress. Sin has never cast its deep shadows over us but it has brought into relief the good that it sought to destroy.

The light of the gospel has dawned in the heart of the Papuan. Already it is working silently, but forcibly, amongst the tribes: a conscience has been stirred, and here and there awakened, against lewd language, and cruelty, and vicious habits.

The gross darkness of heathenism is being dispelled. How anxiously have we watched for the night to pass! How often have our eyes strained to catch the first gleams of the coming day! Hope has come out of the heavens. Faint at first, but ever increasing, the light has shot its rays through the black night. *The morning cometh.* God speed the day!



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